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THE
WORKS
OF THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

REVISED and CORRECTED by Himself.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. III.

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M,DCC,LXXIV,

THE
COMPLAINT:
OR,
NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

NIGHT THE FIRST,
ON
LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.

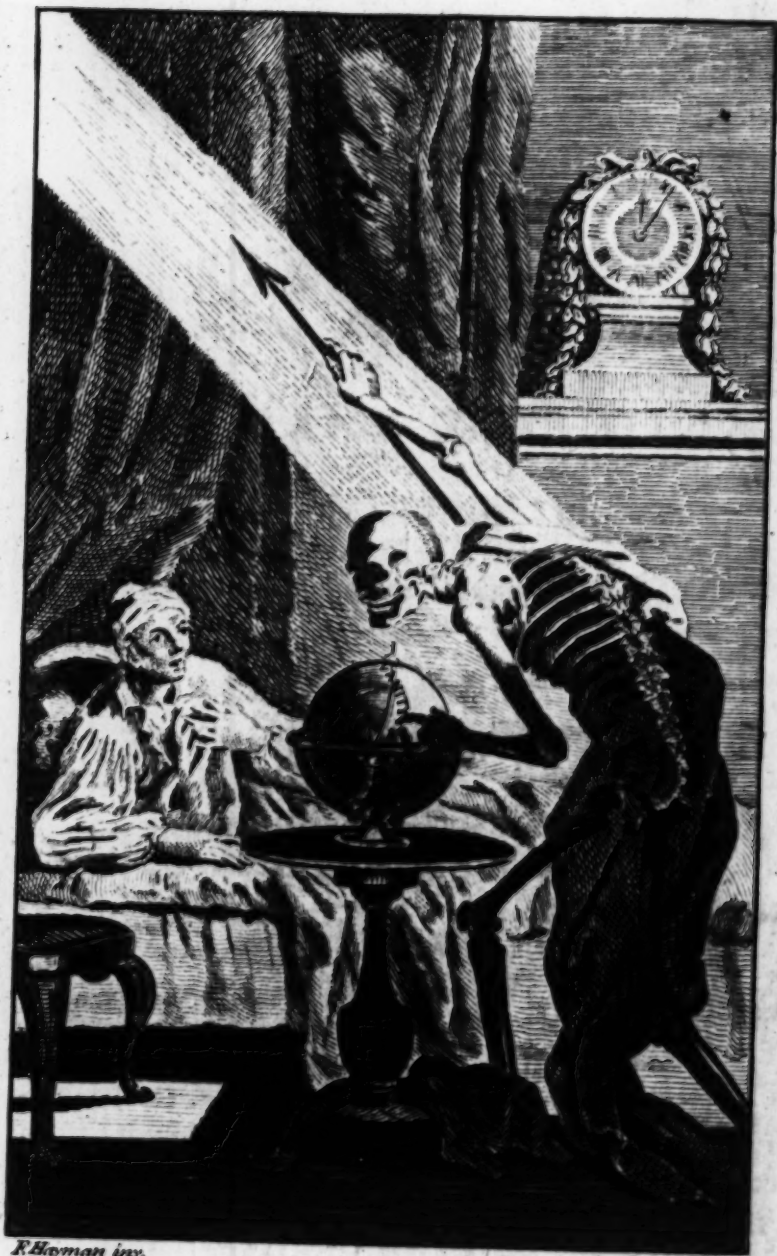
P R E F A C E.

AS the occasion of this Poem was real, not fictitious ; so the method pursued in it, was rather imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than meditated or designed. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reason of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.



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THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;

SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep!*

He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infect the grave.

B 2

I wake,

4 THE COMPLAINT. Night I.

I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
 Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
 From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery,
 At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
 Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
 (A bitter change!) severer for severe.
 The *Day* too short for my distress; and *Night*,
 Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
 Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, fable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophesy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and *Darkness!* solemn sisters! twins
 From ancient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
 To *Reason*, and on *Reason* build *Resolve*,
 (That column of true majesty in man)
 Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
 The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye? —————

THOU, who didst put to flight
 Primæval *Silence*, when the morning stars,
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;

O THOU,

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 5

O THOU, whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of *Life* and *Death*;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *One*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine*!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such!
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
 From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless chain!
Mid-way from *Nothing* to the *Deity*!
 A beam ethereal, fully'd, and absorpt!
 Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! infect *infinite*!
 A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her *own*: How reason reels!
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
 While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
 What tho' my soul phantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
 Hur'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
 Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 7

Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;

Active, ærial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.

Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal* :

Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.

For human weal, heav'n husbands all events ;

Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost ?

Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,

In infidel distress ? Are *Angels* there ?

Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ?

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth.

Unkindled, unconceiv'd ; and from an eye

Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall

On me, more justly number'd with the dead.

This is the desert, *this* the solitude :

How populous, how vital, is the grave !

This is creation's melancholy vault,

The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom ;

The land of apparitions, empty shades !

All, all on earth, is *Shadow*, all beyond

Is *Substance* ; the reverse is folly's *creed* :

How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,

The twilight of our day, the vestibule ;

Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,

Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,

This gross impediment of clay remove,

And make us *embryos* of existence free.

8 THE COMPLAINT. Night 1.

From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself;
How was my heart incrust'd by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round

In

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 9

In silken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above) :
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible ! (Could sleep do more ?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change !
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave !
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life !
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys !
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective !
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture ?
The *cob-web'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me !
The *spider's* most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight !
Full, above measure ! lasting, beyond bound !
A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres ;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance

Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
 And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
 More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
 Each *Moment* has its fickle, emulous
 Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
 Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
 Implicit treason to divine decree!

A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n!
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
 O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
 What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
 The sun himself by thy permission shines;
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
 Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so mean?
 Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on me?
 Infatiate archer! could not *one* suffice?
 Thy shaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was slain;
 And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn,
 O *Cynthia*! why so pale? Dost thou lament
 Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
 How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss! from *fortune's* smile,

Preca-

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 11

Precarious courtesy ! not *virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
Thro' the dark postern of time long laps'd,
Led softly, by the stilness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing *Past* ;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
And finds all desert *now* ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train !
I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why *complain* ? or why *complain* for one ?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man ? Are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions : 'Tis the common lot ;
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of *pain*.

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;

And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
 In battle lópt away, with half their limbs,
 Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,
 If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair!)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
 At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
 How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead!
 What numbers groan for sad admission there!
 What numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high-fed,
 Solicit the cold hand of charity!
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
 Ye filken sons of pleasure! since in pains
 You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
 And breathe from your debauch: *Give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: But so great
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
 Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.
 Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance;
 And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
 Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
 Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 Not *happiness* itself makes good her name;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish.
 How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
 From that for which we doat, *felicity*!
 The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains;

And

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 13

And *truest* friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities !
And what hostilities, without a foe !
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man ! the rest a *waste*,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands :
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map ! But, far
More sad ! this earth is a true map of *man*.
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe's* wide empire ; where deep troubles toss,
Loud *sorrows* howl ; invenom'd *passions* bite,
Rav'nous *calamities* our vitals seize,
And threat'ning *fate* wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself* ?
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope ; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind ;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *second* channel ; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O *World* ! thy much-indebted tear :
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !
O thou !

O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
 Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
 I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.
 Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
 The salutary censure of a friend.

Thou happy *wretch*! by blindness thou art blest;
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
 Know, *smiler*! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
 But rises in demand for her delay;
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

LORENZO, fortune makes her court to thee,
 Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* sings.
 Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
 Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:
 Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
 Is heav'n tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
 And in its favours formidable too:
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
 A call to duty, not discharge from care;
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
 Awake us to their *cause*, and *consequence*;
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
 Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
 To worse than *simple* misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,

I. On LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 15

e. Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

 Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchant'd earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

 Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
LORENZO! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,

By

By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now* ;
There's no prerogative in human hours.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?
Where is to-morrow ? In another world.
For numbers this is certain ; the reverse
Is sure to none ; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lyes,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes ; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud.
Nor had he cause ; a warning was deny'd :
How many fall as sudden, not as safe !
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, LORENZO ! a *slow sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprize !
Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not This be strange ?
That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 17

The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves applauds;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom* to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry stage: When young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but *Themselves*;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;

18 THE COMPLAINT, &c. Night 1.

So dies in human hearts the thought of death,
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
 Can I forget PHILANDER? That were strange!
 O my full heart——But should I give it vent,
 The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
 And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.

The spritely *lark*'s shrill matin wakes the morn;
 Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
 I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
 The sullen gloom, sweet *Philomel*! like Thee,
 And call the stars to listen: Ev'ry star
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
 Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
 And charm thro' distant ages: Wrapt in shade,
 Pris'ner of darkness! to the silent hours,
 How often I repeat their rage divine,
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
 Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, *Mæonides*!
 Or, *Milton*! thee; ah could I reach your strain!
 Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our Own.
Man too He sung: *Immortal* man I sing;
 Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
 What, *now*, but immortality can please?
 O had *He* press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
 Which opens out of darkness into day!
 O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd where I sink, and sung *Immortal* man!
 How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me!

NIGHT

I.

NIGHT the SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

IT

RIGHT THE SECOND

THE DOLLAR TRINITY



NIGHT the SECOND.

O N

T I M E, D E A T H, F R I E N D S H I P.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE.

The Earl of WILMINGTON.

“ *W*hen the Cock crew, *! be wept*”—smote by that eye,
 Which lookson me, on all: That pow’r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
 Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
 Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *Heav’n*.
 Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
 And, fortitude abandon’d, where is man?
 I know the terms on which he sees the light;
 He that is born, is list’d; life is war;
 Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
 Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I’ll dwell.
 LORENZO! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
 And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
 Where most thy need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
 Of dear PHILANDER’s dust. He, *thus*, tho’ dead,
 May

May still befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous Price,*
Death, Friendship, and PHILANDER's *final scene.*

So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
 Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
 The good deed would delight me ; half impress
 On my dark cloud an *Iris* ; and from grief
 Cast glory—Dost thou mourn PHILANDER's fate ?
 I know thou say'st it : Says thy *life* the same ?

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
 Where is that thrift, that avarice of T I M E,
 (O glorious avarice !) thought of death inspires,
 As rumour'd robberies endear our gold ?

O *Time* ! than gold more sacred ; more a load
 Than lead, to fools ; and fools *reputed* wise.

What *moment* granted man without account ?

What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid ?
 Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.

Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
 Insidious *Death* ! should his strong hand arrest,
 No composition sets the pris'ner free.

Eternity's inexorable chain

Fast binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrears.

How late I shudder'd on the brink ! how late
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !

That *Time* is mine, O MEAD ! to thee I owe ;

Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity*.

But ill my genius answers my desire ;

My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.

Accept the will ;—*that* dies not with my strain.

For what calls *thy* disease, LORENZO ? not

For

For *Esculapian*, but for *Moral* aid.

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.

Youth is not rich in *Time*, it may be poor;

Part with it as with money, sparing; pay

No moment, but in purchase of its worth;

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Part with it as with life, reluctant; big

With holy hope of nobler time to come;

Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark

Of men and angels; virtue more divine.

Is this our *duty*, *wisdom*, *glory*, *gain*?

(*These* heav'n benign in vital union binds)

And sport we like the natives of the bough,

When vernal suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns

Man's great demand: To trifle is to live:

And is it then a trifle, too, to die?

Thou say'st I *preach*, LORENZO! 'Tis confess.

What, if for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?

Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle?

Is it not treason, to the soul *immortal*,

Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?

Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?

When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes |

Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,

As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires,

To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm

Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?

Will Toys amuse? No: Thrones will then be toys,

And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time?—Its *loss* we dearly buy.

What

24 THE COMPLAINT. Night 2.

What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd sports ?
 He pleads time's num'rous *blanks* ; he loudly pleads
 The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
 From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee* ?
 No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
 Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be thine ;
This cancels thy complaint at once, *This* leaves
 In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all ;
This, the blest art of turning all to gold ;
This, the *good* heart's prerogative to raise
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours ;
 Immense revenue ! ev'ry moment *pays*.
 If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power ;
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
 Our *outward* act indeed, admits restraint ;
 'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer ;
 Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
 On all important *Time*, thro' ev'ry age,
 Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man
 Is yet unhorn, who duly weighs an hour.
 " *I've lost a day* "——the prince who nobly cry'd
 Had been an emperor without his crown ;
 Of *Rome* ? say, rather, lord of human race :
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
 So should all speak : So *reason* speaks in all :
 From the soft whispers of that God in man,
 Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,

For rescue from the *bleffing* we possess ;
Time the supreme !—*Time* is Eternity ;
 Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
 Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.

Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
 A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Ah ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure nature for a span too short ;
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.

Art, brainless *Art* ! our furious charioteer
 (For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recall)
 Drives headlong tow'rs the precipice of death ;
 Death, most our dread ; death *thus* more dreadful made :
 O what a riddle of absurdity !

Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels ;
 How heavily we drag the load of life !
 Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of *Cain*,
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
 The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
 Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,
 From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
 Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,

We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd,
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ;
Behold him, when past by ; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills ;
To nature just, their *Cause* and *Cure* explore.
Not short heav'n's bounty, boundless our expence ;
No niggard, nature ; men are prodigals.
We *waste*, not *use* our time ; we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence, *us'd* is life.
And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why ? since *Time* was giv'n for use, not waste,
Injoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man ;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure : Waste, a pain ;
That man might *feel* his error, if unseen :
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;
Not, blund'ring, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts ; such by heav'n design'd ;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments ; and without employ
The soul is on a rack ; the rack of *rest*,
To souls most adverse ; action all their joy.

Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;
Then

Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
 We rave, we wrestle, with *Great Nature's Plan*;
 We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broils;
 We push time from us, and we wish him back;
 Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
 Life we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and shun;
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
 United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
 How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
 Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
 The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
 And time *present*, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen: See next
Time's Nature, Origin, Importance, Speed;
 And thy great *Gain* from urging his career.—
 All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
 He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else
 Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—*Time's* a god.
 Hast thou ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence?

For, or against, what wonders he can do!
And will: To stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was Time (heav'n's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.
 LORENZO! no: On the long-destin'd hour,
 From everlasting ages growing ripe,
 That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
 When the DREAD SIRE, on emanation bent,
 And big with nature, rising in his might,
 Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born),
 By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds;
 Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heaven,
 From old eternity's mysterious orb,
 Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;
 That horologe machinery divine.
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play.
 Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies:
 Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
 His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
 To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest,
 And join anew *Eternity* his fire;
 In his *immutability* to nest,
 When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd,
 (Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
 To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy? Why with levities
 New wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
 Know'st thou, on what thou dost, or what is done?

Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end:

And then, where are we? where, LORENZO! then
Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud,

Thy *Parian* tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.

Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye *well-array'd*! Ye lilies of our land!

Ye lilies *male*! who neither toil, nor spin,

(As *sister lilies might*) if not so wise

As *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the sight!

Ye *delicate*! who nothing can support,

Yourselves most insupportable! for whom

The winter rose must blow, the sun put on

A brighter beam in *Leo*; silky-soft

Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;

And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,

And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!

O ye LORENZOS of our age! who deem

One moment unamused, a misery

Not made for feeble man! who call aloud

For ev'ry bawble drivell'd o'er by sense;

For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,

For change of follies, and relays of joy,

To drag your patient through the tedious length

Of a short winter's *day*—say, fages! say,

Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!

How will you weather an *eternal night*,

Where such expedients fail?

O treach'rous *Conscience*! while she seems to sleep
 On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
 Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross *Art* alone employs her pen;
 She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band,
 A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable *Time*;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history; which *Death* shall read
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;
 And *Judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
 LORENZO, such that *Sleeper* in thy breast!
 Such is her slumber; and her vengeance such
 For slighted counsel; such thy future peace!
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?
 But why on *Time* so lavish is my song?
 On this great theme kind *Nature* keeps a school;

To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
 Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
 And shall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills;
 Sure *Vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
 Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
 Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is spilt.
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, heav'n invites,
 Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
 More than creation labours!—labours *more?*
 And is there in creation, what, amidst
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—
Man sleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whose fate,
 Fate irreverfible, intire, extreme,
 Endlefs, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
 A moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
 All else is in alarm! *Man*, the fole caufe
 Of this furrounding ftorm! and yet he fleeps,
 As the ftorm rock'd to reft.—Throw *Years* away?
 Throw *Empires*, and be blamelefs. Moments feize;
 Heav'n's on their wing: A moment we may wifh,
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* ftand ftill;
 Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
 The period paff, regive the given hour.
 LORENZO, more than miracles we want;
 LORENZO—O for yefterdays to come!

Such is the language of the man awakes
 His ardor fuch, for what oppreffes thee
 And is his ardor vain, LORENZO? No;
 That

That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *Yesterday* return'd; return'd
 Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
 And reinstate us on the Rock of peace.
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
 Shall it evaporate in fame? Fly off
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
 More wretched for the clemencies of heav'n?

Where shall I find *Him*? Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
 Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, shed
 Protection; now, are waving in applause
 To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
 That awful independent on *To-morrow*!
 Whose *work is done*; who triumphs in the *Past*;
 Whose *Yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;
 Nor, like the *Partbian*, wound him as they fly;
 That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours,
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
 All god-like passion for eternals quencht;
 All relish of realities expir'd;
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
 Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;

Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
 Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim;
 Embruted ev'ry faculty divine;
 Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd;
 Tho' we from *Earth; Ethereal*, they that sell.
 Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
 For what, gay friend! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
 Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
 We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
 We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance? No: He has been on thee;
 And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
 Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
 The rest are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
 Already has the fatal train took fire;

A moment, and the world's blown up to thee; and
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust:

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *Experience* call;
If *Wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.

O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,

"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;

"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;

"And by success are tutor'd to despair."

Nor is it only thus, but *must* be so.

Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.

Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,

Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,

Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?

Since, by *Life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,

I light, as the summer's dust, we take in air

A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;

Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,

And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more;

Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)

We, fore-amaz'd, from our earth's ruins crawl,

And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,

As man's own choice (controuler of the skies!)

As man's despotic will, perhaps *one hour*,

(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;

Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm?

Warning, far less than that of bosom torn

From

From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead !
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Affyrian* pale,
Ere-while high-flush'd, with insolence, and wine ?
Like *that*, the *dial* speaks ; and points to thee,
LORENZO ! loth to break thy banquet up :

“ O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;

“ And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade.”

Its silent language such : Nor need'st thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.

Know, like the *Median*, fate is in thy walls :

Dost ask, *How ? Whence ? Belsazzar-like*, amaz'd ?

Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death ;

Life feeds the murderer : Ingrate ! he thrives

On her own meal, and then his nurse devours :

But, here, LORENZO, the delusion lies ;

That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,

It life resembles too : Life speeds away

From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still :

The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth :

Too subtle is the movement to be seen ;

Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.

Warnings point out our danger ; *Gnomons*, time :

As *these* are useless when the sun is set :

So *these*, but when more glorious *Reason* shines.

Reason should judge in all ; in reason's eye,

That sedentary shadow travels hard.

But such our gravitation to the wrong,

So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,

36 THE COMPLAINT: Night 2.

'Tis later with the wise than he's aware ;
 A *Wilmington* goes slower than the sun :
 And all mankind mistake their time of day ;
 Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring ;
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
 Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ;
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *This*, or similar, PHILANDER ! thou
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue ;
 And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;
 How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !
 How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
 By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
 Best found, so fought ; to the *Recluse* more coy !
 Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip ;
 Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song ;
 Song, fashionably fruitless ; such as stains
 The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Passion* fires ;
 Chiming her saints to *Cythera's* fane.

Know'st thou, LORENZO ! what a friend contains ?
 As bees mixt *Nectar* draw from fragrant flow'rs,
 So men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wisdom* and *Delight* ;

Twins

Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad ?
Good Sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
 And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd ;
 Speech, thought's canal ! speech, thought's criterion tool !
 Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross ;
 When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth,
 If sterling, store it for thy future use ;
 'Twill buy thee benefit ; perhaps, renown.
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd ;
 Teaching, we learn ; and, giving, we retain
 The births of intellect ; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire ;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;
 Brightens, for ornament ; and whets, for use.
 What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
 Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
 And rusted in ; who might have borne an edge.
 And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech ;
 If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue !
 'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puff
 Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
 And defecates the student's standing pool.
 In *Contemplation* is his proud resource ?
 'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converse* unsustain'd.
 Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* field ;
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
 Of due restraint ; and *emulation's* spur
 Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.

'Tis converse qualifies for solitude ;

As exercise, for salutary rest.

By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves ;

And *Nature's* fool, by *Wisdom* is undone.

Wisdom, tho' richer than *Peruvian* mines,

And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,

What is she, but the means of *Happiness* ?

That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;

A melancholy fool, without her bells.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives

The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.

Nature, in zeal for human amity,

Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.

Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;

Joy flies monopolists : It calls for *Two* ;

Rich fruit ! heav'n-planted ! never pluckt by *One*.

Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give

To *social* man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves, descending in a line,

Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight ;

Delight intense, is taken by rebound ;

Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops

To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,

And one alone, to make her sweet amends

For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend ;

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,

Each other's pillow to repose divine,

Beware the counterfeit : In *Passion's* flame

Hearts

Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder, froze;
 True love strikes root in *Reason*; passion's foe;
Virtus alone entenders us for life;
 I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
 Of *Friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair:
 Is *Virtue* (kindling at a rival fire,
 And, *emulously*, rapid in her race;
 O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
 This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

From *Friendship*, which outlives my former themes,
 Glorious survivor of old *Time* and *Death*!
 From *Friendship*, thus, that flow'rs of heav'nly seed,
 The wise extract earth's most *Hyblean* bliss,
 Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian flower*?
 Abroad They find, who cherish it at *Home*.

LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts,
 An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
 Tho' choice of follies fasten on the *Great*,
 None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
 That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
 Caught by the wasture of a golden lure,
 Or fastination of a high-born smile.
 Their smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
 For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own;
 And we no less of ours, when *such* the bait,
 Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye pow'rs of wealth!
 Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
 As well mere man an angel might beget.

Love,

Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
 Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
 A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
 All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
 And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
 I shew thee friendship Delicate, as Dear,
 Of tender violations apt to die?
Reverse will wound it; and *Distrust*, destroy.
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
 But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
 Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
 First, on thy friend, delib'rate with Thyself;
 Pause, ponder, sift; not Rager in the choice,
 Nor Jealous of the chosen; Fixing, Fix;
 Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
 Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for Thee,
 How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
 A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
 "A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung He (angels hear that angel sing!)
 Angels from friendship gather half their joy);
 So sung PHILANDER, as his friend went round:
 In the rich *ichor*, in the gen'rous blood
 Of BACCHUS, purple god of joyous wit,
 A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
 He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
 His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.
Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship *new*

(Not

(Not such was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
 O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
 And elevating spirit, of a friend,
 For twenty summers ripening by my side;
 All feculence of falshood long thrown down;
 All social virtues rising in his soul;
 As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!
 Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
 Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
 High-flavour'd blifs for gods! on earth how rare!
 On earth how *lost*!—*PHILANDER* is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?
 Am I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be.
 I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
 Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd,
 Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
 Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;
 How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
 His flight *PHILANDER* took; his upward flight,
 If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
 (That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
 One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
 What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
 Rivals scarce damn; and *ZOSIUS* reprieve.
 Yet what I can, I must: It were profane
 To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
 And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
 Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
 Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
 And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,

Painim or *Christian*; to the blush of wit.

Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!

The *Death-bed* of the just! is yet undrawn.

By mortal hand; it merits a Divine:

Angels should paint it, angels ever *There*;

There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

Dare I presume, then? But *PHILANDER* bids;

And glory tempts, and inclination calls——

Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath.

Aërial Groves impenetrable gloom;

Or, in some mighty *Ruin's* solemn shade;

Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born Dust*,

In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;

Or, at the midnight *Altar's* hallow'd flame.

Is it religion to proceed: I pause——

And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.

Is it his death-bed? No: It is his shrine:

Behold him, there, just rising to a god.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate;

Is privileg'd beyond the common walk

Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.

Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,

Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,

That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease;

If unrestor'd by This, despair your cure.

For, *Here*, resistless demonstration dwells;

A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

Here tir'd *disimulation* drops her masque,

Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!

Here Real, and Apparent, are the Same.

You

You see the *Man*; you see his hold on heav'n;
 If sound his virtue; as *PHILANDER's*, sound,
 Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends
 On this side death; and points them out to men,
 A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!
 To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
PHILANDER! he severely frown'd on thee.

"No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate!
 "A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!
 "A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
 "A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
 "Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!
 "Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!
 "A sun extinguish'd! a just opening grave!
 "And Oh! the last, last, what? (can words express?
 "Thought reach it?) the last—*Silence* of a friend!"
 Where are those horrors, that amazement, where;
 This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
 Demand from man?—I thought him man till now.

Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquisht agonies,
 (Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom)
 What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
 Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
 No, not in death, the *Mortal* to be found.
 His conduct is a legacy for All.
 Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.
 His comforters he comforts; Great in ruin,

With

44 THE COMPLAINT, &c. Night 2.

With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man?

His God sustains him in his final hour!

His final hour brings glory to his God!

Man's glory heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.

We gaze, we weep; mixt tears of grief and joy!

Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!

Christians Adore! and *Infidels* Believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,

Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;

While rising vapours, and descending shades,

With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vault;

Undamp't by doubt, undarken'd by despair,

PHILWINDER, thus, augustly rears his head,

At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds

On the low level of th' inglorious throng:

Sweet *Peace*, and heav'nly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,

Divinely beam on his exalted soul;

Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,

With incommunicable lustre, bright.



NIGHT

NIGHT the THIRD.

N A R C I S S A.

NIGHT the THIRD.

NARRATIVE

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NIGHT the THIRD.

N A R C I S S A.

TO HER GRACE

The DUCHESS of P-----.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes. VIRG.

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs
 To *Reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man, [mad,
 Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
 Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
 I keep my assignation with my woe.

O! Lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
 Who think it solitude, to be Alone.
 Communion sweet! communion large and high!
 Our *Reason*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God*!
 Then nearest These, when Others most remote;
 And All, ere long, shall be remote, *but* These,
 How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,

A stranger!

A stranger! unacknowledg'd! un approv'd!
 Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
 To win thy wish, creation has no more.
 Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a Friend——
 But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

Take PHOEBUS to yourselves, ye basking bards!
 Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head;
 And reeling thro' the wilderness of joy;
 Where *Sense* runs savage, broke from *Reason's* chain,
 And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
 My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;
 Unlike the deity my song invokes.
 I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
 (*ENDYMION's* rival!) and her aid implore;
 Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.

Thou, who didst lately borrow * *CYNTHIA's* form,
 And modestly forego thine Own! O Thou,
 Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
 Say, why not *CYNTHIA* patroness of song?
 As Thou her crescent, she thy character
 Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute
 This revolution in the world inspir'd?
 Ye train *Pierian*! to the *Lunar* sphere,
 In silent hour, address your ardent call
 For aid immortal; less her brother's right.
 She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
 The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,
 A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.

* At the duke of Noarolk's masquerade.

Transmit

Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heav'n!
 What title, or what name, endears thee most?
 CYNTHIA! CYLLENE! PHOEBE!—or dost hear
 With higher gust, fair P——D of the skies!
 Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
 More pow'rful than of old *Circean* charm?
 Come; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring
 The soul of song, and whisper in my ear
 The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
 (For dreams are 'Thine) transfuse it thro' the breast
 Of thy first votary——But not thy last;
 If, like thy *Namesake*, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme;
 A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
 A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
 'Twas *Night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
 Than that which smote me from *PHILANDER's* tomb.
NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
 Woes cluster; rare are *solitary* woes;
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
 Her death invades his mournful right, and claims
 The grief that started from my lids for Him:
 Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
 Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
 Sorrow he *more* than causes, he confounds;
 For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
 And make distress, distraction. Oh *PHILANDER*!
 What was thy fate? A double fate to me;

Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
 Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
 Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
 It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour;
 It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
 From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
 Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
 In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist! and Beautiful as sweet!
 And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
 And Gay as soft! and Innocent as gay!
 And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
 For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plumage,
 Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark)
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious! All its charms
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
 Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
 Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,
 As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the skies; as All
 We guess of heav'n: And *these* were all her own.
 And she was mine; and I was—*was*!—most blest—
 Gay title of the deepest misery!
 As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;
 Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.

Like

Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
 Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier There;
 Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
 And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
 Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;
 Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
 Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
 And on her cheek, the residence of Spring,
 Pale omen sat; and scatter'd fears around
 On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,
 That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
 And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
 (As if the sun could envy) checkt his beam,
 Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
 Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
 In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
 And out-blush (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair;
 You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
 Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
 To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
 Coeval race with man! for man you smile;

Why not smile *at* him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
By what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
While *here*, presuming on the rights of heav'n.
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
LORENZO? At thy friend's expence be wise;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at best; but, oft, a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—Thought
Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry wee. [repell'd
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy fresh op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept!
Strangers to Thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to Kindness, wept: Their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
While *nature* melted, *superstition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and *this* deny'd a grave.

Their

Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *tyger* suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
For Oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurs'd
In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
The *sainted spirit* petrify'd the breast;
Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What succour? What resource?
With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
I *whisper'd* what should echo thro' their realms;
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the curst soil; and with humanity
(Deny'd NARCISSA) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow's my resentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!

This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.
 When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
 When man can wreak his rancour *uncontroul'd*,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
 Then, spleen to *dust*? the dust of innocence?
 An angel's dust? — 'This *Lucifer* transcends;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than This is shocking in a race
 Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love;
 And *uncreated*, but for love divine;
 And, but for love divine, this moment, *lost*,
 By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
 Man hard of heart to man! Of horrid things
 Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly *strange*!
 Yet oft his courtesies are smooother wrongs;
 Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
 And contumelious his humanity:
 What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
 And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
 Man is to man the forest, surest ill.
 A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
 Volcano's bellow ere they disembogue;
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
 And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:

Ruin

Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
 Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
 That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.

Fir'd is the muse? And let the muse be fir'd:
 Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
 And in the nerve most tender, in his friends?
 Shame to mankind! PHILANDEK had his foes:
 He felt the truths I sing, and I in Him.

But He, nor I, feel more: Past ills, NARCISIA!
 Are sunk in Thee, thou recent wound of heart!
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
 Pangs num'rous, as the num'rons ills that swarm'd
 O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clust'ring There
 Thick as the locusts on the land of *Nile*,
 Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale).

How was each circumstance with aspica arm'd?
 An aspic, Each! and All, an *Hydra* woe:
 What strong *Herculean* virtue could suffice?
 Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?

This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
 And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
 And each distress, *distinctly* mourn'd, demands
 Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
 A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
 They make Mankind the mourner; carry sighs
 Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her ways;

And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.

The vale of death ! that husht *Cimmerian* vale,
Where *darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day !) that interdicts all future change !
That subterranean world, that land of ruin !
Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought !
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *hers*.
For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,
My soul ! " The fruits of dying friends survey ;
" Expose the *vain* of life ; weigh life and death ;
" Give death his eulogy ; thy fear subdue ;
" And labour that first palm of noble minds,
" A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy NARCISSA's grave.
As poets feign'd from AJAX' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r ;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends ; what fruit from these ?
It brings us more than triple aid ; an aid
To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors ; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws

Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm,
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
 Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damp't with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love;
 For us they languish, and for us they die:
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
 Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
 Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

LORENZO! no: the thoughts of death indulge;
 Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
 That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
 Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
 And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
 Auspicious *Aera!* golden days, begin!
 The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire,
 And why not think on death? Is life the theme
 Of ev'ry thought? and wish of ev'ry hour?
 And song of ev'ry joy? Surprising truth!

The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the num'rous *ills* that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbrought delights;
On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on *orts*, and *glean* their former field.

Live ever here, LORENZO!—shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here?—With lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To surfeit on the *same*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery
For change, tho' sad? To see what we have seen?
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a flatter year,
Thro' loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!

Ill-ground, and worse concocted ! Load, not life !
 The *rational* foul kennels of excess !
 Still-streaming thorough-fares of dull debauch !
 Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.

Such of our *fine ones* is the wish refin'd !
 So would they have it : Elegant desire !
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds ?
 But such examples might their riot awe.
 Thro' want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
 (Tho' on *bright thought* they father all their flights)
 To what are they reduc'd ? To love, and hate,
 The same vain world ; to censure, and espouse,
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
 Each moment of each day ; to flatter bad
 Thro' dread of worse ; to cling to this rude rock,
 Barren, *to them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope——
 Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
 Such are their triumphs ! such their pangs of joy !

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
 This *bugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure ?
 One only ; but that one, what all may reach ;
 VIRTUE—the, wonder-working goddess ! charms
 That *rock* to bloom ; and tames the *painted shrew* ;
 And what will more surprise, LORENZO ! gives
 To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change ;
 And straitens nature's circle to a line.
 Believ'st thou this, LORENZO ? lend an ear,
 A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
 And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
 Of sight, smell, taste : The cuckow-seasons sing
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
 But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
 To doating *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
 Make their days various ; various as the dyes
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
 On minds of dove-like innocence possess,
 On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
 In *that*, for which they long ; for which they live.
 Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise ;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
 To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame ;
 While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
 Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
 Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour ;
 Advancing *virtue*, in a Line to *bliss* ;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire !
 And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone ensure !
 And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
 Apostates ? And turn infidels for joy ?
 A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
 " He sins against *this* life, who flights the *next*."
 What is this life ? How few their fav'rite know !
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
 By passionately loving life, we make

Lov'd

N A R C I S S A.

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Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death;
 We give to Time Eternity's regard;
 And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
 Life has no value as an end, but means;
 An end deplorable! a means divine!
 When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
 A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much;
 Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd,
 When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;
 Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
 In prospect richer far; important! awful!
 Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
 Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
 Where now the *barren rock*? the *painted shew*?
 Where now, LORENZO! life's *eternal round*?
 Have I not made my triple promise good?
 Vain is the world; but only to the vain.
 To what compare we then this varying-scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
 Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*
 Assists me here) compare it to the moon;
 Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich
 In *borrow'd* lustre from a higher sphere.
 When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
 Nor is that glory distant: Oh LORENZO!
 A good man, and an angel! these between

How

How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?

Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;

Or, if an age, it is a moment still;

A moment, or eternity's forgot.

Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;

Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies.

Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?

The *soft transition* call it; and be chear'd:

Such it is often, and why not to Thee?

To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise;

And may itself *procure*, what it *presumes*.

Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;

Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.

"*Strange Competition!*"—True, LORENZO! strange!

So little *Life* can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;

Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.

Thro' chinks, styl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light;

Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;

All eye, all ear, the disembodiy'd power.

Death has feign'd evils, *nature* shall not feel;

Life, ills substantial, *wisdom* cannot shun.

Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of heaven!

By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?

By *death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?

Death but intombs the body; *life* the soul.

"Is *death* then guiltless? How he marks his way

"With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!

"Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!

"With various lustres *these* light up the world,

"Which

" Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."

I grant, LORENZO ! this indictment just :

The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror !

Death humbles these ; more barb'rous *life*, the man.]

Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay ;

Death, of the spirit infinite ! divine !

Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts ;

Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.

No bliss has *life* to boast, till death can give

Far greater ; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,

Dark lattice ! letting in eternal day.

LORENZO ! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,

Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,

To cater for the sense ; and serve at boards,

Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps

Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.

Luxurious feast ! a soul, a soul immortal,

In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd !

LORENZO ! blush at *terror* for a *death*,

Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,

Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,

And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,

And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.

What need I more ? O *death*, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, death ! thy dreaded harbingers,

Age, and *disease* ; *disease*, tho' long my guest ;

That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life ;

Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the bell,

That calls my few friends to my funeral ;

Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,

While

While reason and religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
 With wreath triumphant. Death is victory ;
 It binds in chains the raging ills of life :
Lust and ambition, wrath and avarice,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
 That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
 Are not *immortal* too, O death ! is thine.
 Our day of dissolution !—name it right ;
 'Tis our great pay-day ; 'tis our harvest, rich
 And ripe : What tho' the sickle, sometimes keen,
 Just scars us as we reap the golden grain ?
 More than thy balm, O *Gilead* ! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death's* deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-taxt nature pays
 For mighty gain : The gain of each, a life !
 But O ! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd ; *Life* lives beyond the grave.
 And feel I, *death* ! no joy from thought of thee ?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
 With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed !
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man !
Death, the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns !
Death, that absolves my birth ; a curse without it !
 Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes ; without it a chimera !
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy ;
 Joy's *source*, and *subject*, still subsist unhurt ;
 One, in my soul ; and one, in her great Sire ;
 Tho' the four winds were warring for my dust.

Yes,

Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
 Tho' prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
 (To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
 And live *intire*. Death is the crown of life :
 Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death deny'd, to live would not be life ;
 Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure : we fall ; we rise ; we reign !
 Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ;
 Where blooming *Eden* withers in our sight :
 Death gives us more than was in *Eden* lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
 When shall I *die* ?—When shall I live for ever ?



W. A. I. C. 1870 A. 1871

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education, since the last meeting of the Board, on the 1st of January, 1871.

Admitted on the 1st of January, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of February, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of March, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of April, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of May, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of June, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of July, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of August, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of September, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of October, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of November, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.

Admitted on the 1st of December, 1871:

John A. Smith, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Education.



W. A. I. C. 1870 A. 1871

NIGHT' the FOURTH.

THE

CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

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NIGHT the FOURTH.

THE

CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only CURE for the FEAR of DEATH;

AND

Proper SENTIMENTS of HEART on that
inestimable Blessing.

To the Hon^{ble} Mr. YORKE.

A Much indebted muse, O York! intrudes.
 Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
 Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
 How deep implanted in the breast of man
 The dread of death! I sing its sov'reign cure.
 Why start at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
 Is past; not come, or gone, he's never *here*.
 Ere *hope, sensation* fails; black-boding man

Receives,

Receives, not *suffers*, death's tremendous blow.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ;

The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,

The terrors of the living, not the dead.

Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,

Man makes a death, which nature never made ;

Then on the point of his own fancy falls ;

And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear ?

If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,

And shelter in his hospitable gloom.

I scarce can meet a monument, but holds

My younger ; ev'ry date cries—" Come away."

And what recalls me ? Look the world around,

And tell me what : The wisest cannot tell.

Should any born of woman give his thought

Full range, on just *dislike's* unbounded field ;

Of things, the vanity ; of men, the flaws ;

Flaws in the *best* ; the many, flaw all o'er ;

As *leopards*, spotted, or, as *Ethiops*, dark ;

Vivacious *ill* ; *good* dying immature ;

(How immature, NARCISSA's marble tells !)

And at his death bequeathing endless pain ;

His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,

And spend itself in sighs, for *future* scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant

To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy ;

A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,

Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,

But

But from our comment on the comedy,
 Pleasing reflections on parts well-sustain'd,
 Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
 Toss fortune back her tinsel, and her plume,
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
 A new world rises, and new manners reign:
 Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,
 To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
 What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,
 And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
 Nor that the worst: Ah me! the dire effect
 Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long;
 Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
 My very master knows me not. —

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate?
 I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
 An object ever pressing dims the sight,
 And hides behind its ardor to be seen.
 When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
 They drink it as the nectar of the great;
 And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
 Refusal! canst thou wear a smoother form?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
 Who cheapens life, abates the *Fear of Death*:
 Twice told the period spent on stubborn *Troy*,
 Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege;
 Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.

Alas!

Alas ! ambition makes my little less ;
 Embitt'ring the possess'd : Why wish for more ?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst ;
 Philosophy's reverse ; and health's decay !
 Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
 Were I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant *bedic* of a fool ;
 Caught at a court ; purg'd off by purer air,
 And simpler diet ; gifts of rural life !

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
 My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
 The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms :
 And meditate on scenes, more silent still ;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager *ambition's* fiery chace I see ;
 I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
 Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's prey ;
 As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;
 Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
 Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
 What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?

Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies:"
 And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One, tho' in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred,
 Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church or state;
 Some avocation deeming it——to die,
 Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*;
 Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coëvals! remnants of yourselves!
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
 With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard?
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
 Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
 How soon must he resign his very dust,
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
 Years *unexperient*'d rush on num'rous ills;
 And soon as man, *expert* from time, has found
 The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe

I still survive : And am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible, I live?
Alive by miracle ! or, what is next,
Alive by MEAD ! if I am still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*,
And *vapid* ; *Sense* and *Reason* shew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death !
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence ; and could know
No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing ! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown* ;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs :
All weight in this—O let me live to thee !

Tho' *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repress ;
Still frowns grim *Death* ; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
And whence all human guilt ? From death forgot.
Ah me ! too long I set at nought the swarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew ;
And smil'd, unsmitten : Small my cause to smile !
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,

More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound;
O think how deep, LORENZO! *here* it stings:
Who can appease its anguish? How it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace?
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy,—with grief, that *healing band* I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On *high*?—What means my phrensy? I blaspheme;
Alas! how *low*! how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*;
Draw the dire steel—ah no! the *dreadful* blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
The falling universe: That gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! A groan *not His*.
He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear;
Sensations *new* in angels bosoms rise;
Suspend their song; and make a pause in bliss.
O for *their* song; to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful spheres;

Whilst I with *seraphs* share seraphic themes,
 And shew to men the dignity of man;
 Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
 Shall *pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
 And *christian* languish? On our hearts, not heads,
 Falls the foul infamy: My heart! awake.
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
 "Expended deity on human weal?"
 Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold night
 Of *beathen* error, with a golden flood
 Of endless day: To feel, is to be fir'd;
 And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Pow'r!
 Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
 That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
 And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night;
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
 In love immense, inviolably just!
 Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
 Didst stain the *Cross*; and work of wonders far
 The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought! shall I dare speak it, or repress?
 Should man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the guilt
 Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love inflam'd?
 O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-stretcht arms,
 Stern *justice*, and soft-smiling *love* embrace,
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
 When seem'd its majesty to need support,
 Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost:
 What, but the *fathomless* of thought divine,

Could

Could labour such expedient from despair,
 And rescue *both*? Both rescue! both exalt!
 O how are both exalted by the deed!
 The wond'rous deed! or shall I call it *more*?
 A wonder in Omnipotence itself!
 A mystery no less to gods than men!

Not, *thus*, our infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
 A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
 Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds heav'n's jarring attributes;
 And, with one excellence, another wound;
 Maim heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
 Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
 Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise:
 A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
 Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains!
 The ransom was paid down; the fund of heav'n,
 Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
 Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
 All price beyond: Tho' curious to compute,
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
 Its value vast, ungraspt by minds *create*,
 For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.

And was the ransom paid? It was: And paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
 The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot: *Midnight* veil'd his face;
 Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;

A *midnight* nature shudder'd to behold;
 A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross;
 Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
 Hell howl'd; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
 Heav'n wept, that men might smile! Heav'n bled, that man
 Might never die! —————

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*:
 What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?
 Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
 The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
 Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
 To rest from wonders? Other wonders rise;
 And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught:
 Heav'n's sovereign blessings, clust'ring from the Cross,
 Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
 The pris'ner of amaze!—In his blest *life*,
 I see the *path*, and, in his *death*, the *price*,
 And in his great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme
 Of immortality.—And did he rise?
 Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
 He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
 And give the King of glory to come in.
 Who is the King of glory? He who left
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death:

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
 And give the King of glory to come in.
 Who is the King of glory ? He who slew
 The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race !
 The king of glory, He, whose glory fill'd
 Heav'n with amazement at his love to man ;
 And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain ?
 Oh the burst gates ! crush'd sling ! demolish'd throne !
 Last gasp ! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and heav'n !
 This *sum of good* to man. *Whose* nature, then,
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb !
 Then, then, I rose ; then first *humanity*.
 Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
 (Stupendous guest !) and seiz'd eternal youth,
 Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
 To call man mortal. Man's mortality
 Was, then, transferr'd to death ; and heav'n's duration
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
 This child of dust—Man, all-immortal ! hail ;
 Hail, heav'n ! all lavish of strange gifts to man !
 Thine all the glory ; man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
 On christian joy's exulting wing, above
 Th' *Aonian* mount !—Alas ! small cause for joy !
 What if to pain immortal ? If extent
 Of being, to preclude a close of woe ?
 Where, then, my boast of immortality ?
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt ;

For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
 Nor that, unless his death can justify
 Relenting guilt in heav'n's indulgent fight.
 If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
 My name in heav'n, with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind,
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

And what is *this*?—Survey the wond'rous cure;
 And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
 " Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
 " Thro' means that speak its value infinite!
 " A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
 " With blood divine of Him, I made my foe!
 " Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,
 " Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
 " A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
 " Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
 " My species up in arms! not one exempt!
 " Yet for the foulest of the soul, he dies,
 " Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
 " As if our race were held of highest rank;
 " And Godhead deares, as more kind to man!"

Bound, ev'ry heart! and ev'ry bosom, burn!
 O what a scale of miracles is here!
 Its lowest round, high planted on the skies;
 Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 Of man or angel! O that I could climb

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH. 81

The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever, (if astonishment
 Will give thee leave) my praise! for ever flow;
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heav'n
 More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd,
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to heav'n, shall *praise* descend,
 With her soft plume (from *plausive* angels wing
 First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
 Thus diving in the pockets of the great:
 Is *praise* the perquisite of ev'ry paw,
 Tho' black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
 Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!
 Shall *praise* her odours waste on *VIRTUE's* dead,
 Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
 Earn dirty bread by washing *Ethiops* fair,
 Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
 A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts,
 Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
 Their future ornaments: From courts and thrones,
 Return, apostate *praise!* thou vagabond!
 Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
 Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd theme.

There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,
 Back to thy fountain; to that Parent Pow'r,
 Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
 The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
 In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
 Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,

82 THE COMPLAINT. Night 4.

Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!—
Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, heav'n's meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not *praise* be thine, not human praise?
While heav'n's high host on *hallelujahs* live?

O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut thro' the shades of hell, *great Love!* by thee
Oh most Adorable! most Unador'd!
Where shall that praise begin which ne'er should end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause?
How is *night's* sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wisdom* shines! what *love!* This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profusion: Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep*?
Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I question loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds H B furious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?

What

What mean these questions?—Trembling I retract;
 My prostrate soul adores the *present* God:
 Praise I a distant deity? He tunes
 My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sustains &
 Wrap'd in his being, I resound his praise:
 But tho' past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence; *local* is his throne (as meet),
 To gather the dispers'd (as standards call
 The list'd from afar): to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since *finite* ev'ry nature but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth;
 And *nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand;
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
 The great *First-Last*! pavilion'd high he sits
 In darkness from excessive splendor born,
 By gods unseen, unless thro' lustre lost.
 His glory, to created glory, bright,
 As that to central horrors; he looks down
 On all that soars; and spans immensity.

Tho' *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
 Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
 A mere effluvium of his majesty:
 And shall an atom of this atom-world
 Mutter in dust and sin, the theme of heav'n?
 Down to the centre should I send my thought
 Thro' beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
 Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
 Goes out in darkness: if, on tow'ring wing,
 I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars!

84 THE COMPLAINT. Night 4.

The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King!
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.

Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not: They see
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heav'n's superior praise!
First-born of Ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And some *did* envy; and the rest, tho' gods,
Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
They less would *feel*, tho' more adorn, my theme.
They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd);
How rose in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
'Thine is *redemption*; they just gave the key:
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
Tho' human, yet divine; for should not *this*
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here*?
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in heav'n.

A truth

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH. 85

A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

Here pause, and ponder: Was there death in heav'n?
What then on earth? On earth, which struck the blow?
Who struck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd,
Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!
How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heav'n!
The *double* son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall heav'n's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace shall He deny?
O ye! who, from this *Rack of ages*, leap,
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our int'rest in the Master of the storm!
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd nature's ruins *smile*;
While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.

Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire:
How long shall human nature be *their* book,

Degen'rate

Degen'rate mortal! and *unread* by Thee?
The beam dim *reason* sheds shews wonders There;
What high contents! Illustrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*.
Who looks on That, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, Eternity, at Thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
It is another scene! another self!
And still another, as time rolls along;
And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate!
How nature opens, and receives my soul:
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter and embrace me! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, what'er exists,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form.

Extra.

Extravagant conception, to be just :

Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him ::

Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.

He, the great Father ! kindled at one flame

The world of rationals ; one spirit pour'd

From spirit's awful fountain ; pour'd Himself.

Thro' all their souls ; but not in equal stream,

Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,

As his wise plan demanded ; and when past.

Their various trials, in their various spheres,

If they *continue* rational, as made,

Reforbs them all into Himself again ;

His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to sing,

Tho' yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?

Angels are men of a superior kind ;

Angels are men in lighter habit clad,

High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;

And men are angels, loaded for an hour,

Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,

And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.

Angels their failings, mortals have their praise ;

While *Here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,

And summon'd to the *glorious Standard* soon,

Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.

Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,

Yet absent ; but not absent from their love.

MICHAEL has fought our battles ; RAPHAEL sung

Our triumphs ; GABRIEL on our errands flown,

Sent by the SOV'REIGN : and are these, O man !

Thy

Thy friends, thy warm allies? And Thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?

Religion's All. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*;

Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.

Religion! Providence! an After-state!

Here is firm footing; *here* is solid rock!

This can support us; all is sea besides;

Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,

And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,

And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,

Climbs some fair eminence, where Ether pure

Surrounds him, and *Elysian* prospects rise,

His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;

As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;

So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,

And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth

Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts

To *Reason's* region, her own element,

Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;

And, groaning *Calvary*, of thee! *There* shine

The noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sting;

There

There sacred violence assaults the soul;
 There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborn.
 Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
 If in his love so terrible, what then
 His wrath inflam'd? his tendernefs on fire?
 Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
 Can pray'r, can praise avert it?—Thou, my *All!*
 My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
 My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
 My light in darkness! and my life in death!
 My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!
 Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me;
 My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!
 What then art THOU? by what name shall I call Thee?
 Knew I the name devout archangels use,
 Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
 By me unrival'd; thousands more sublime,
 None half so dear, as that, which, tho' unspoke
 Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
 Is lost in love! Thou great PHILANTHROPIST!
 Father of angels! but the friend of man!
 Like JACOB, fondest of the younger born!
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!

To

To make us groan beneath our gratitude;
 Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
 To challenge, and to distance all return!
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
 Thy right too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
 And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
 But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,
 Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
 And future life symphonious to my strain,
 (That noblest hymn to heav'n!) for ever lie
 Intomb'd my *fear of death*! and ev'ry fear,
 The dread of ev'ry evil, but Thy frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile?
 Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
 Ye quietists, in homage to the skies!
 Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
 An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
 Abhorring violence! who *bait* indeed;
 But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with heav'n!
 Think you my song too turbulent? too warm?
 Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul?
Reason alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
 To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
 Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs;
 Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song!
 THOU, my much-injur'd theme! with that soft eye,
 Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists !
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;
 Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
 Shall heav'n, which gave us ardor, and has shewn
 Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
 What smooth emollients in theology,
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?
 Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd* ?
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to heav'n ;
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;
 High heav'n's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
 Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heav'n,
 Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,
 Thro' the vast spaces of the universe,
 To cheer me in this melancholy gloom ?
 Oh when will *death* (now stingless) like a friend,
 Admit me of their choir ? O when will *death* ;
 This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down ?
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode ?
 Oh death divine ! that giv'st us to the skies !
 Great *future* ! glorious patron of the *past*,
 And *present* ! when shall I thy shrine adore ?
 From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
 Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
 This dark, incarcerating *colony*,
 Divides us. Happy day ! that breaks our chain ;
 That manumits ; that calls from exile home ;

That

That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, thro' the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, thro' his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.

'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command:

'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wife;

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

See thou, LORENZO! where hangs all our hope!
Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory; partial *touch*!
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!

Sacred to man, and sov'reign thro' the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heav'n thro' all duration, and supports
In one illustrious, and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.

Dost ask me when? When He who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in heav'n;
Replenish soon, replenish with increase

Of pomp, and multitude ; a radiant band
Of angels new ; of angels from the tomb.

Is this by fancy thrown remote ? and rise
Dark doubts between the promise, and event ?

I send thee not to volumes for thy cure ;
Read Nature ; Nature is a friend to truth ;
Nature is *Christian* ; preaches to mankind ;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of Ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape ; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.

Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze :
And, with Him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point ;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes ;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct ; ev'n *adders* hear ;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death,
To break the shock blind *nature* cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes ;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction ; and absolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve? LORENZO!—"Reason bids,
"All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-sacred *reason*! source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: Deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed Cross, by fortune stamp'd
On passive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal?
No; *reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reason pursu'd is *faith*; and, unpursu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more:
And such our *proof*, That, or our *faith*, is *right*,
Or *reason* lyes, and heav'n design'd it *wrong*:
Absolve we This? What, then, is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but *reason* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason *yours*:
'Tis *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;
'Tis *reason*'s injur'd rights His wrath resents;

'Tis *reason's* voice obey'd His glories crown ;
To give lost *reason* life, He pour'd his own :
Believe, and shew the reason of a man ;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb :
Thro' *reason's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die ;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans*, due
To those, who push our *antidote* aside ;
Those boasted friends to *reason*, and to *man*,
Those fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd
And vilify'd at once ; of *reason* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old ;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?
While *love of truth* thro' all their camp resounds,
They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide-ray,
Pike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd Argument ;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
Behold the sun : " And, *Indian-like*, adore.
'Talk they of *morals* ? O thou bleeding Love !
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind !
The grand morality is love of Thee.
As wise as SOCRATES, if such they were,
Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)
As wise as SOCRATES, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

A CHRIS-

A CHRISTIAN is the highest stile of man ;
And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow ?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell ?

Ye sold to sense ! ye citizens of earth !
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain !
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :
" He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,
" And says, he call'd another ; that arrives,
" Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on ;
" Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
" But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
" Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free ;
" A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour ;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career :
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud !
Where is the fable of thy former years ?
Thrown down the gulph of time ; as far from Thee
As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift : Eternity is All ;
And whose Eternity ? Who triumphs there ?

Bathing

Bathing for ever in the font of blifs!

For ever basking in the Deity !

LORENZO ! who ?—Thy conscience shall reply.

O give it leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,

Thy leave unaskt : LORENZO ! hear it now,

While useful its advice, its accent mild.

By the great edict, the divine decree,

Truth is deposited with man's *last hour* ;

An honest hour, and faithful to her trust ;

Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity ;

Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds ;

Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;

Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,

Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,

That heav'n-commision'd hour no sooner calls,

But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,

Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,

The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame ;

Loudly convinces, and severely pains.

Dark *dæmons* I discharge, and *Hydra* stings ;

The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell :

Just definition ! tho' by schools untaught.

Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this Parson'd page,

And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest ;

" Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."



NIGHT the FIFTH.

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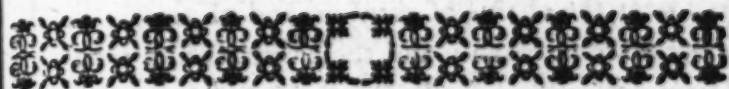
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NIGHT the FIFTH.

T H E

R E L A P S E.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of LITCHFIELD.

L ORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.

As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *musè*
Has often blusht at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make a *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

'The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*.
These share the man; and these distract him too;
Draw diff'rent ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: A point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason's* taste;
In subtle *sophistry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
'To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no more;
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By *wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush
From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.

Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.
The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.

Can pow'rs of genius exorcise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?

But let not these inexpressible strains
Condemn the muse that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,
To visit Being universal there,
And Being's Source, that utmost flight of mind!
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*:
Sing *syrens* only? Do not angels sing?

There is in *poesy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to *prose*,
Her younger sister; haply, not more wise.

Think'st thou, LORENZO! to find pastimes here?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or filken tale:
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, thro' these revolving spheres,

This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade :
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour ;
 Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires ;
 And thy dark pencil, *midnight* ! darker still
 In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, ev'n *this*, my laughter-loving friends !
 LORENZO ! and thy brothers of the smile !
 If, what imports you most, can most engage,
 Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
 Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
 The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel ;
 And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent
 Is ample recompence ; is more than praise.
 But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD ! nor mistake ;
 Think not un-introduc'd I force my way ;
 NARCISSA, not unknown, not unally'd,
 By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth !
 To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bow'rs,
 Where all the language *harmony*, descends
 Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse :
 A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise ;
 Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.

O Thou ! Blest Spirit ! *whether* the supreme,
 Great antemundane Father ! in whose breast
 Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
 And all its various revolutions roll'd
 Present, tho' future ; prior to themselves ;
 Whose breath can blow it into nought again ;
 Or, from his throne some delegated pow'r,
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought

From

From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
 And fuller of the god, than that which burst
 From fam'd *Castalia*: Nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred thirst; tho' long my soul has rang'd
 Thro' pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
 By Thee sustain'd, and lighted by the STARS.

By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
 By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
 Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
 Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
 By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
 Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature..
 By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
 Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpres'd, the births
 Of pure election, arbitrary range,
 Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
 But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
 As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.

Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
 It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
 To settle on *Herself*, our point supreme!
 There lies our theatre! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
 'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason's* reign,

And *virtue's* too ; these tutelary shades
Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.

Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too ;
It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the croud,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain :
The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

Something we *thought*, is blotted ; we *resolv'd*,
Is shaken ; we *renounc'd*, returns again.

Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.

Nor is it strange : *Light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
All, scatter us abroad ; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fame and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.

Ambition fires *ambition* ; *love of gain*
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast ;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe ;

And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.

We see, we hear, with peril ; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude* ; the world's a school

Of

Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around !
 We must, or imitate, or disapprove ;
 Must list as their accomplices, or foes ;
That stains our innocence ; *this* wounds our peace.
 From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
 With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it ?
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.

Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,

And looks, like other objects, black by night.

By night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend ;

The conscious moon, thro' ev'ry distant age,

Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,

On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.

The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n

Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,

And form their manners, not inflame their pride,

While o'er his head, as fearful to molest

His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,

And seem all gazing on their future guest,

See him solliciting his ardent suit

In *private* audience : All the live-long night,

Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands ;

Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun

(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main !)

Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,

And gives him to the tumult of the world.

Hail, precious moments ! stol'n from the black waste

Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight*! hail!
The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm;
All her lyes answers, and *thinks* down her charms.

What awful joy! What mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkness; rather say
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the clust'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade;
But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere; from that *first* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence descends
URANIA, my celestial guest! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *now*
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart! NARCISSA's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a *Strygian* vapour in my blood?
A cold, slow puddle, creeping thro' my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink; to be the *same*, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.

Reason,

Reason, a baffled counsellor ! but adds
 The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
 The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
 In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
 But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly ;
 Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
 Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again ;
 And not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our praise.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man ;
 Tho' proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
 Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
 Where *grief* detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
 Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
 And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in Ether pure,
 And struck the stars ; *now* feel my spirits fail ;
 They drop me from the zenith ; down I rush,
 Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
 In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
 How wretched is the man who never mourn'd !
 I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream :
 Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves ;
 Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
 (Inestimable gain !) ; and gives heav'n leave
 To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
 Ennobles man ? What else have angels learnt ?)
Grief ! more proficient in thy school are made,
 Than *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er cou'd boast.

INTO THE COMPLAINT. Night 5.

Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
 Digests not into sense her motley meal.
 This *book-case*, with dark booty almost burst,
 This *forager* on others' wisdom, leaves
 Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
 With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
 Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary.
 A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
 Her *servant's* wealth, incumber'd *wisdom* mourns.

And what says *genius*? "Let the dull be wise."
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
 And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
 It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*;
 Considers *reason* as a leveller;
 And scorns to share a blessing with the croud.
 That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
 To glory, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.

CRASSUS but sleeps, ARDELIO is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
 When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
 And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning shower;
 Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows;
 Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
 If so, NARCISSA! welcome my *Relapse*;
 I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
 And reap rich compensation from my pain.
 I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
 And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign power
 To chase the moral maladies of man;

Thoughts,

Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
 Tho' natives of this coarse penurious soil ;
 Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing,
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n:
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
 In either clime, tho' more illustrious *there*.
 These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
 Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb ;
 And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.

Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?

" Th' importance of contemplating the tomb ;

" *Why* men decline it ; *suicide's* foul birth ;

" The various kind of grief ; the faults of age ;

" And *death's* dread character—invite my song."

And, first th' importance of our end survey'd.

Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief :

Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal *too soon*.

Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow ?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,

And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,

And bring it back, a true, and endless peace ?

Calamities are friends : As glaring day

Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight ;

Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts

Of import high, and light divine, to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,

(Scenes apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves !)

Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,

Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,

Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray ;

To

112 THE COMPLAINT. Night 5.

To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !
 LORENZO ! read with me NARCISSA's stone ;
 (NARCISSA was thy fav'rite) let us read
 Her *moral* stone ; few doctors preach so well ;
 Few orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date* !
 Apt words can strike : and yet in them we see
 Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
 What cause have *we* to build on length of life ?
 Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep ;
 And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
 Truth, radiant goddess ! sallies on my soul,
 And puts *delusion*'s dusky train to flight ;
 Dispels the mists our sultry *passions* raise,
 From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene ;
 And shews the *real* estimate of things ;
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw ;
 Pulls off the veil from *virtue*'s rising charms ;
 Detects *temptation* in a thousand lyes.
 Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driv'n by the whirlwind : Lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
 See things invisible, feel things remote,
 Am present with futurities ; think nought
 To man so foreign, as the joys *possess* ;
 Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight ;

Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms;
 In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,
 If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
 Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
 At the first blast it vanishes in air.
 Not so, *celestial*: Would'st thou know, LORENZO!
 How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine*?
 Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.
 More empty *worldly wisdom* ev'ry day;
 And ev'ry day more fair her *rival* shines.
 When *later*, there's less time to play the fool,
 Soon our whole term for wisdom is expir'd
 (Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave):
 And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
 Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble *Sibyl's* leaves,
 The good man's days to *Sibyl's* books compare,
 (In antient story read, thou know'st the tale)
 In price still rising, as in number less,
 Inestimable quite his final hour.
 For That who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
 Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
 "Oh let me die his death!" all nature cries.
 "Then live his life."—All nature falters there.
 Our great physician daily to consult,
 To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's; and yet,
 From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage?
 Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
 Why are friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,

By

By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts,
 The thought of death, which *reason*, too supine,
 Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*.
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
 Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
 Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand !
 Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot !
 And to forget it, the chief aim of life,
 Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
 That all-important, and that only sure,
 (Come when he will) an unexpected guest ?
 Nay, tho' invited by the loudest calls
 Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still ?
 Tho' numerous messengers are sent before,
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
 The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill ?
 All heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that life has sown her *joys* so thick,
 We can't thrust in a single care between ?
 Is it, that life has such a swarm of *cares*,
 The thought of death can't enter for the throng ?
 Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet,
 Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream ?
 To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats ;
 We take the lying sister for the same.
 Life glides away, LORENZO ! like a brook ;
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
 In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice :
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.

We call the brook the same ; the same we think
Our life, tho' still more rapid in its flow ;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream ?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent ;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave ;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock ;
We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ?
Our brittle bark is burst on *Charon's* shore.

Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought ?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul !
Like *him* so strong, by *Dalilah* the fair ?
Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,
From looking down a precipice so steep ?
'Tis dreadful ; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The *good man* would repine ; would *suffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein ;
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.

What groan was that, LORENZO ?—Furies ! rise ;

And

And drown in your less execrable yell,
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
 On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
 Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
 Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
 So call'd, so thought—And *then* he fled the field.
 Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
 O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide !
 An *island* in thy manners ! far disjoin'd
 From the whole world of *rational*s beside !
 In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
 Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
 Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
 And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
 Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun ;
 The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd :
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
 The cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
 And proves, It is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
 Who names his *soul*), a native of the skies !
 High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
 Unfold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
 Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
 Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
 Studious of home, and ardent to return,
 Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
 With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,

On *immortality*, her godlike taste ;
 There take large draughts ; make her chief banquet *there*.

But some reject this sustenance divine ;
 To beggarly vile appetites descend ;
 Ask alms of *earth*, for guests that came from *heav'n* !
 Sink into slaves ; and sell, for *present* hire,
 Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
 Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
 This *nether* world. And when his payments fail,
 When his foul basket gorges them no more,
 Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full ;
 Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
 For breaking all the chains of Providence,
 And bursting their confinement ; tho' fast barr'd
 By laws divine and human ; guarded strong
 With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
 The blackest, *nature*, or *dire* *guilt* can raise ;
 And moated round with fathomless *destruction*,
 Sure to receive, and overwhelm them in their fall.

Such, *Britons* ! is the *cause*, to you unknown,
 Or worse, o'erlook'd ; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
 Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
 Is madness ; but the madness of the *heart*.
 And what is that ? Our utmost bound of guilt.
 A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
 With monstrous births, and *Suicides*, to crown
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break
 Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush
 Thro' sacred *nature's* murder, on their own,
 Because they never *think of death*, they die.

'Tis

'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
 At once to shun, and meditate, his end.
 When by the bed of languishment we sit,
 (The seat of *wisdom* ! if our choice, not fate)
 Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
 Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
 Start at the voice of an Eternity ;
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into death,
 That most pathetic herald of our own ;
 How read we such sad scenes ? As sent to man
 In perfect vengeance ? No ; in pity sent,
 To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
 Indelible, *death's* image on his heart ;
 Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
 We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all ;
 As the tide rushing raises what is writ
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

LORENZO ! hast thou ever weigh'd a *figb* ?
 Or study'd the philosophy of *tears* ?
 (A science, yet unlearn'd in our schools !)
 Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
 And seen their source ? If not, descend with me,
 And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our fun'ral tears, from diff'rent causes, rise.
 As if from sep'rate cisterns in the soul,

Of various kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear.
They dwell on praises, which they think they share;
And thus, without a blush, commend Themselves.
Some mourn, in proof, that something they could love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *show*.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappris'd,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft *Ephesians* draw
Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As seen thro' chrystal, how their roses glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek?
Of her's not prouder *Egypt's* wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own decease.
By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind *passion*! impotently pours

Tears,

Tears, that deserve more tears; while *reason* sleeps;
 Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd;
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
 Knows not it speaks to *her*, and her *alone*.

Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
 That noble gift! that privilege of man!
 From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy.
 But *these* are barren of that birth divine:
 They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
 And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
 They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
 Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
 No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.

Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by *death*
 Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life;
 In making *folly* flourish still more fair.
 When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
 Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
 Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
 Tho' there thrown down her true support to learn,
 Without heav'n's aid, impatient to be blest,
 She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
 Tho' from the stately cedar's arms she fell;
 With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
 The stranger wed's, and blossoms, as before,
 In all the fruitless fopperies of life:
 Presents her *weed*, well-fancy'd, at the ball,
 And raffles for the *death's-head* on the ring.

So wept AURELIA, till the destin'd youth

Steps

Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
 And blanching fables into bridal bloom.
 Se wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate;
 Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
 And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
 Not such, NARCISSA, my distress for Thee.
 I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
 To sacrifice to wisdom.—What wast Thou?
 "Young, gay, and fortunate!" Each yields a theme.
 I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe;
 (Heav'n knows I labour with severer still!)
 I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
 A soul without reflection, like a pile
 Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, first, thy *youth*. What says it to grey hairs?

NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n.
 Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
 Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe
 Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair;
 With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
 That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
 Father of all, forgetfulness of death:
 As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
 Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:
 Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
 And men might plead prescription from the grave;
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.

Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already;
 Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.

Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
 What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
 The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and death
 Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
 Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?

We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
 Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
 We see time's furrows on another's brow,
 And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
 How few themselves, in that just mirror, see!
 Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
 There death is certain; doubtful *here*: He *must*,
 And *soon*; We *may*, within an *age*, expire.
 Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
 Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
 Folly sings Six, while *nature* points at Twelve.

Absurd *longevity*! More, More, it cries:
 More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
 Object, and appetite, must club for joy;
 Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
 Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
 While *nature* is relaxing ev'ry string?
 Ask *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.

'Think

Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed ?

Contract the taste immortal ; learn ev'n Now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.

Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.

Of age the glory is, to *wish* to die.

That wish is *praise*, and *promise* ; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future blifs.

What weakness see not children in their sires ?

Grand-climacterical absurdities !

Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,

How shocking : It makes folly thrice a fool ;

And our first childhood might our last despise.

Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.

Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first* ; the *last*,

Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.

Folly bars both ; our age is quite undone.

What folly can be *sanker* ? Like our shadows,

Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.

No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.

Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell

Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.

Enough to live in tempest, die in port ;

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat

Defects of *judgment* ; and the *will's* subdue ;

Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore

Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;

And put *good-works* on board ; and wait the wind

That shortly blows us into worlds unknown ;

Unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene !

All should be prophets to themselves ; foresee
 Their future fate ; their future fate foretaste ;
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.
 The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
 A disaffection to that precious thought
 Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, LORENZO, why so warmly prest,
 By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
 The thought of death ? That thought is the machine,
 The grand machine ! that heaves us from the dust,
 And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
 Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
 O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
 And gently slope our passage to the grave ;
 How warmly to be wisht ! What heart of flesh
 Would trifle with tremendous ? dare extremes ?
 Yawn o'er the fate of infinite ? What hand,
 Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
 (To speak a language *too well* known to Thee)
 Would at a moment give its *All* to chance,
 And *stamp* the die for an eternity ?

Aid me, NARCISSA ! aid me to keep pace
 With *destiny* ; and ere her scissars cut
 My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
 Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
 Sting thou my slumb'ring *reason* to send forth
 A thought of observation on the foe ;
 To sally ; and survey the rapid march

Of his ten thousand messengers to man ;
Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *nature* sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet ;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death ?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, His ; my *yesterday* ;
The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;
As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives ?
If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *strength* and *ardour* ; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline !
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude visitant !) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear !
Be death your theme, in ev'ry place and hour ;
Nor longer want, ye monumental Sires !
A brother tomb to tell you you shall die.

That death you *dread* (so great is nature's skill !)
Know, you shall *court* before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you sit;
In wisdom, shallow: Pompous ignorance!
Wou'd you be still more learned, than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indispensable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride;
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: Or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *sarcastic*, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

What

What countless multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths!
Tho' great our sorrow, greater our surprize.

Like other tyrants, *death* delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb:
Me Thine, NARCISSA!—What tho' short thy date,
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth METUSALEMS may die;
O how *misdated* on their flatt'ring tombs!

NARCISSA's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counsel too?
That, like the *Jews* fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill known to thee, LORENZO! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
"Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
"But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'st him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "The farthest from the *fear*,
"Are often nearest to the *stroke* of Fate!"

All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life :
As if bright embers should emit a flame,
Glad spirits sparkled from NARCISSA'S eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As nature's opposites wage endless war,
For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
Inviolable stupor of his reign,
Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition*, sleep,
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
More life is still more odious ; and, reduc'd
By conquest, aggrandizes more his pow'r.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd ? By heav'n's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commission : " Strike, but *fi*,
" As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprise*,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim ;
And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep ?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* assumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all shapes that serve his black designs :
Tho' master of a wider empire far
Than that, o'er which the *Roman* eagle flew.

Like

Like *Nero*, he's a sidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phæstion*, in female guise;
Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,
His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self. Hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such, on *NARCISSA*'s couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen
To smile; such peace has innocence in death!
Most happy they! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *beav'n*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant *dress*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And shew *LORENZO* the surprising scene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* pusht him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismiss*
The sage; for *death* design'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *usurer*
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,

A pamper'd *spendthrift*; whose fantastic air,
 Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
 He took in change, and underneath the pride
 Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
 His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane;
 And hid his deadly shafts in MYRA's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt,
 Out-sallies on adventures. Ask you where?
 Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
 Let *this* suffice; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the world,
 When *pleasure* treads the paths, which *reason* shuns.
 When, against *reason*, riot shuts the door,
 And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,
 Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
 Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
 Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
 Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
 As absent far: And when the revel burns,
 When *fear* is banisht, and triumphant thought,
 Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
 Against him turns the key; and bids him sup
 With their progenitors—He drops his mask;
 Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprize,
 From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
 He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
 And is not this triumphant treachery,
 And more than simple conquest, in the fiend?

And

And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap thy soul
 In soft security, because unknown
 Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
 In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
 Is *death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fixt;
 Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
 All expectation of the coming foe.
 Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
 Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
 And *fate* surprize thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
 Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die.
 Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)
 Hide too from Thee the precious *use* of life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's fate.
 Soon, not surprizing, *death* his visit paid.
 Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
 Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
 Tho' *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
 As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
 And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight,
 To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
 And ev'ry thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conspir'd
 To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness
 (If happiness on earth) to crown her brow.
 And could *death* charge thro' such a shining shield?
 That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
 As if to damp our elevated aims,
 And strongly preach humility to man.

O how portentous is prosperity !
 How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !
 Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
 When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our morning's envy ! and our ev'ning's sigh !
 As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
 The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
 And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey,
 High fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*.
 Ask you for what ? To give his war on man
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;
 Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
 And burns LORENZO still for the sublime
 Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high,
 On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
 Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall ?
 Granting grim *death* at equal distance *there* ;
 Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.
 What makes man wretched ? Happiness deny'd ?
 LORENZO ! no : 'Tis happiness *disdain'd*.
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile ;
 And calls herself *Content*, a homely name !
 Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.

Ambition

Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
 And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
 A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
 Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
 And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
 Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
 As late I drew *death's* picture, to stir up
 Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
 Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
 See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
 And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
 Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
 All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
 Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
 Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
 (Still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden show'r.

Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more;
 As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
 O what a precious pack of votaries
 Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,
 Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praise;
 All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
 And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
 Morfel on morfel swallow down unchew'd,
 Untasted, thro' mad appetite for more;
 Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
 Sagacious All, to trace the smallest game,

And

And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
 Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
 O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
 Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r,
 Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
 Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
 With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
 Thro' fury to possess it: *Some* succeed;
 But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
 From *some*, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
 And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain,
 To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
 Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
 Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
 Together *some* (unhappy rivals!) seize,
 And rend abundance into poverty;
 Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
 Smiles too the goddesses; but smiles most at those,
 (Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
 Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd
 Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
 The number small, which happiness can bear,
 Tho' *various* for a while their fates; at last
 One curse involves them all: At death's approach,
 All read their riches backward into loss,
 And mourn, in just proportion to their store.
 And death's approach (if orthodox my song)

Is hasten'd by the lure of *fortune's* smiles.
And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.

These high-aim'd darts of *death*, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.

A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,
Or near heav'n's *archer*, in the zodiack, hung,
(So could it be) *should* draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A constellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave;
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
"From greater danger to grow more secure,
"And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair ASPASIA: She was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?

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Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
 Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires
 Float in the wave, and break against the shore :
 So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
 The faithless morning smil'd : he takes his leave,
 To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
 The rising storm forbids. The news arrives :
 Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
 She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel) ;
 And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
 In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
 The guilty billows innocently roar ;
 And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
 A tear ?—Can tears suffice ?—But not for *me*.
 How vain our efforts ! and our arts, how vain !
 The *distant* train of thought I took, to shun,
 Has thrown me on my fate—*These* died together ;
 Happy in ruin ! *undivore'd* by death !
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
 NARCISSA ! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
 Yet thou wast only *near* me ; not *myself*.
 Survive *myself* ?—*That* cures all other woe.
 NARCISSA lives ; PHILANDER is forgot.
 O the soft commerce ! O the tender ties,
 Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart !
 Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the soul
 Of human joy ; and make it pain to live—
 And is it then to live ? When *such* friends part,
 'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT

5.
3.

NIGHT the SIXTH.

THE

INFIDEL Reclaimed.

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HENRY, PETER

Chancellor of the Exchequer

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.



NIGHT the SIXTH.
THE
INFIDEL Reclaimed.
IN TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING
The NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE,
of IMMORTALITY.
PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, GLORY and RICHES are
particularly considered.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY PELHAM,
First LORD COMMISSIONER of the TREASURY, and
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

P R E F A C E.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion,
than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice
of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dis-
pute the better. I think it may be reduc'd to this single
question, Is man immortal, or is he not? If he is not, all
our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this
case, truth, reason, religion, which give our discourses
such

such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty sound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawaken'd in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which inclination has over the judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed immortality! And how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel: but by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever schema, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here,

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED. 141

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, here, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the most important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason only; viz. because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our Belief.

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heav'n)
 Not early, like NARCISSA, left the scene;
 Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What avail?
 This seeming mitigation but inflames;
 This fancy'd med'cine heightens the disease:
 The longer known, the closer still she grew;
 And gradual parting is a gradual death.
 'Tis the grim-tyrant's engine, which extorts,
 By tardy pressure's still-increasing weight,
 From hardest hearts, confession of distress.

* Referring to Night the fifth.

O the

O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
 Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it so)
 With dismal *doubt*, and sable *terror*, hung;
 Sick *hope's* pale lamp its only glimm'ring ray:
 There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
 Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter, there.
 How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
 How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!
 In smiles she sunk *her* grief to lessen *mine*.
 She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
 Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
 By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
 Death urg'd his deadly siege; in spite of art,
 Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
 To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!
 (Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
 And thou, O moon! bear witness; many a night
 He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Ty'd down my fore attention to the shock,
 By ceaseless depredations on a life
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation! darker ev'ry hour!
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below;
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity;
 When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
 But why more woe? More comfort let it be.

Nothing

Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.

Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wife?

Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars

Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,

O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our *transition*; tho' the mind,

An artist at creating self-alarms,

Rich in expedients for inquietude,

Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take

Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *sat*.

Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;

Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.

Death, and his image rising in the brain,

Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;

Fear shakes the pencil; *fancy* loves excess;

Dark *ignorance* is lavish of her shades:

And *these* the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise;

And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.

Far other views our contemplation claim,

Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;

Views that suspend our agonies in death.

Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,

Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!

Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;

And find the soul unsated with her theme.

Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my song.

O that

O that my song could emulate my soul !
Like her, immortal. No !—the soul disdains
A mark so mean ; far nobler hope inflames ;
If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inspire.

Thy *nature*, immortality ! who knows ?
And yet who knows it not ? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun for ever ; dipt by cruel fate
In *Stygian* dye, how *black*, how *brittle here* !
How short our correspondence with the sun !
And while it lasts, inglorious ! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight ! Our highest joys
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*
To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
Thro' habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd ! To live free citizens
Of universal nature ! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme* !
To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which support archangels in their state)
Our own ! To rise in science, as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies !
To read creation ; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity !
The plan, and execution, to collate !
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote ; and leave

No mystery—but that of Love Divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene!
 Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair!
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
 Blest absolution of our blackest hour!

LORENZO, these are thoughts that make man Man,
 The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
 How Great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod *we* tread; soon trodden by our sons)
 How great, in the wild whirl of *time's* pursuits,
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
 Thro' the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine!
 To prophesy our own futurities;
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale!

LORENZO, swells thy bosom at the thought?
 The swell becomes thee: 'Tis an honest pride.
 Revere thyself;—and yet thyself despise.
 His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
 Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,

Nor there be modest, where thou should'st be proud;
That almost universal error shun.

How *just* our pride, when we behold *these* heights!

Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those

Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;

And angels emulate; our pride how just!

When mount we? When these shackles cast? When quit

This cell of the creation? This small nest,

Stuck in a corner of the universe,

Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?

Fine-spun to sense; but gross and seculent

To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe

Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;

Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther shore,

Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;

While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,

Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,

With half the dignity, with half the gain,

The gust, the glow of rational delight,

As on *this* theme, which angels praise and share?

Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.

What wretched repetition cloy's us *here*!

What periodic potions for the sick!

Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!

In an *Eternity*, what scenes shall strike!

Adventures thicken! novelties surprize!

What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there*!

What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,

And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!

How

How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten its inextricable maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there*!
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the *lab'ring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illustrious, and intire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravisht sight.
From some superior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of Ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port? The *least*
Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers These surpass,
Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous* These!
Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole*?
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exub'rant Source! perhaps, I wrong thee still.

If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence ! Yet this the least in heaven.
What *this* to that illustrious robe *He* wears,
Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power ?
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heaven
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest ?
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy ;
The *bare* ideas ! Solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

And chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death ?
And toil we still for sublunary pay ?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design ;
(Fine net-work of the brain !) to catch a fly !
The momentary buz of vain renown !
A *name* ! a mortal immortality !

Or (meaner still !) instead of grasping air,
For sordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire ?
Drudge, sweat, thro' ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,
For vile contaminating trash ; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man ?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold ?

Ambition, avarice; the two *dæmons* these,
Which goad thro' every slough our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop! How steep they climb!
These *dæmons* burn mankind; but most possess
LORENZO'S bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in *time* to hide *eternity*?
And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the sun?
Glory and *wealth*! have they this blinding pow'r?
What if to *them* I prove LORENZO blind?
Would it surprise thee? Be thou then surpris'd;
Thou *neither* know'st: Their nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connexion ties them to my theme.
First, what is *true ambition*? The pursuit
Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.
Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
As statulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as We;
But not *celestial*. *Here we stand alone*;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame;
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies,
The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
These *reason*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*;
The vast unseen! the future fathomless!

When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
 Leaving gross *nature's* sediments below,
 'Then, and then only, *Adam's* offspring quits
 The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition : *This* is *human* fire.

Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders !) make
 LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng ?

Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid !
Dedalian engin'ry ! If These alone
 Assist our flight, *fame's* flight is *glory's* fall.
 Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch, when I behold,
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,
 Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
 At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise——
 But wherefore envy ? Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *pow'rs*.
 Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* chuse our end ;
 Means have no merit, if our end amiss.

If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain ;
 What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart ?
 Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
 Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom : Worldly-wise
 Is but *half*-witted, at its highest praise.

Let *genius* then despair to make thee great ;
 Nor flatter *station* : What is station high ?
 'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity.
 Monarchs and ministers, are awful names ;
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
 Religion, public order, both exact
 External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest slave ; *all more* is merit's due,
 Her sacred and inviolable right ;
 Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior-worth ;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
 And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
 Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur ;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his fires.
 Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
 And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without ?
 Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize ?
 Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch't on *Alps* ;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Each man makes his own stature, builds himself :

Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids* :

Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?

The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.

Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r ;

What station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;

'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before* ?

Then thou before wast something *less* than man.

Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ?

That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity ;

That pride defames humanity, and calls

The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.

That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,

From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies.

'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man :

An angel's second ; nor his second, long.

A *NERO* quitting his imperial throne,

And courting glory from the tinkling strings,

But faintly shadows an immortal soul,

With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.

If nobler motives minister no cure,

Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place : 'Tis more ;

It makes the post stand candidate for Thee ;

Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man ;

Tho' no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth ;

And tho' it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown ;

Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' disgrac'd,

Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.

Osber

*Other ambition nature interdicts ;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end ;
Milk, and a swathe, at first, his whole demand ;
His whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone ;
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.*

*Souls truly great dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,
The curtain's fall ; there, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene ;
Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To Christian pride ! which had with horror shockt
The darkest pagans, offer'd to their gods.*

*O thou most Christian enemy to peace !
Again in arms ? Again provoking fate ?
That prince, and That alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes ;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.*

*Why this so rare ? Because forgot of all
The day of death ; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge ; that day, which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.*
LORENZO, never shut thy thought against it ;

Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is That *ambition*? Then let flames *descend*,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul,
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet *these* are they, the world pronounces wise;
The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And casts *new* wisdom: Ev'n the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition! pow'rful source of good and ill!

Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,

When

When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
And swifter flight transports us to the skies ;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse ; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense* ;
All prospect of eternity shut out ;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
Find we LORENZO wiser in his *wealth* ?
What if thy rental I reform ? and draw
An inventory *new* to set thee right ?
Where, thy *true* treasure ? Gold says, "Not in me :"
And, "Not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor ;
India's insolvent : Seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;
In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd ;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race !
Erect, immortal, rational, divine !
In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heav'ns ;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields ;
Far nobler ! *give* the riches they enjoy ;
Give taste to fruits ; and harmony to groves ;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire ;
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wond'rous world they see.
Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, still.

Objects are but th' occasion ; ours th' *exploit* ;
 Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
 Which nature's admirable picture draws ;
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.
 Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,
 Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
 Say then, Shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
 Superior wonders in himself forgot,
 His admiration waste on *objects* round,
 When Heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees ?
 Absurd ! not rare ! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in *senses* such as these ! What wealth
 In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 'Than *sense* surveys ! In *mem'ry's* firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years !
 In colours fresh, originally bright,
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate !
 What wealth in *intelleſt*, that sov'reign pow'r !
 Which *sense* and *fancy*, summons to the bar ;
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;
 And from the mass those *underlings* import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
 And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms *art*, and *ſcience*, *government*, and *law* ;
 The ſolid baſis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life !
 And *manners* (ſad exception !) ſet aſide,
 Strikes out, with maſter hand, a copy fair
 Of *His* idea, whoſe indulgent thought
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliſs.

What

What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time ;
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's* sound !
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be ;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in fancy's field to rise !
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
 And wander wild thro' things impossible !
 What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
 In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
 In *liberty* to chuse, in *pow'r* to reach,
 And in *duration* (how thy riches rise !)
 Duration to *perpetuate*——boundless bliss !

Ask you, what *pow'r* resides in feeble man
 That bliss to gain ? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown ?
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
 Man's unprecious, natural estate,
 Improveable at will, in virtue lies ;
 Its tenure sure ; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more ;
 Then, make a richer scramble for the throng ?
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
 Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
 Like rubbish from dislodging engines thrown,
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly ;
 Fly diverse ; fly to foreigners, to foes ;
 New masters court, and call the former fool

(How

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(How justly !) for dependance on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our play-things ; then, our dust.

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace ?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme :
Riches enable to be richer still ;
And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist ?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master !) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich ;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe ;
To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want ! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness,
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where heav'n can give no more !
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour ;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flow'rs ; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lye.
Much learning shews how little mortals *know* ;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy* :
At best, it babies us with endless toys,

And

And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
 They fail to find what they so plainly see;
 Thus men, in shining rishes, see the face
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want!
 Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
 Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
 Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
 In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her pow'r.
 The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
 O what a patrimony this! A *being*
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,
 Not worlds possess can raise it; worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course,
 When thine, O *Nature*! ends; too blest to mourn
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this*!
 The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man.

Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
 Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
 Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
 Futurity for ever future! Life
 Beginning still where computation ends!
 'Tis the description of a *Deity*!
 'Tis the description of the *meanest slave*:
 The meanest slave dares then LORENZO scorn?
 The meanest slave thy *low'reign* glory shares.
 Proud youth! fastidious of the *lower* world!

Man's

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Man's *lawful* pride includes humility ;
 Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find
 Inferiors ; all immortal ! brothers all !
 Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.

IMMORTAL ! What can strike the *sense* so strong,
 As this the *soul* ? It thunders to the thought ;
Reason amazes ; *gratitude* o'erwhelms ;
 No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;
 Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
 And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds
 Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires ;
 Quick kindles all that is divine within us ;
 Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame ?
Immortal ! Were but *one* immortal, how
 Would others envy ! How would thrones adore !
 Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?
 How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heav'n !
 O vain, vain, vain, all else ! *Eternity* !
 A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
 From vile imprisonment, in abject views.

'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
 Amid life's pains, *abasements*, *emptiness*,
 The soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
 That only, and that amply, this performs ;
 Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above ;
 Their terror *those*, and *these* their lustre lose ;
Eternity depending covers all ;
Eternity depending all atchieves ;
 Sets earth at distance ; casts her into shades ;

Blends

Blends her distinctions ; abrogates her pow'rs ;
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
 Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
 Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
 The man beneath ; if I may call him man,
 Whom *Immortality's* full force inspires.
 Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought ;
 Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
 Their present province, and their future prize ;
 Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost !

Doubt you this truth ? Why labours your belief ?
 If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
 Were seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would sink,
 And levell'd *Atlas* leave an even sphere.
 Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast round.
 To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside ; and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastic, this ? Then all are weak,
 But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
 Some souls have soar'd ; or martyrs ne'er had bled,
 And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
 Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
 Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
 Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd ?
 What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn
 Expects an empire ? He forgets his chain,
 And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.

And

And what a sceptre waits us ! what a throne !
 Her own immense appointments to compute,
 Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
 In this her dark minority, how toils,
 How vainly pants, the human soul divine !
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy ;
 What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss ?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
 Ne'er to be priz'd enough ! enough revolv'd !
 Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
 They see no farther than the clouds ; and dance
 On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
 Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,
 Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song ?
 Are there, LORENZO ? Is it possible ?
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts ;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore ;
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem ?
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
 Shall know their treasure ; treasure, *then*, no more.

Are there (still more amazing !) who resist
 The rising thought ? Who smother, in its birth,
 The glorious truth ? Who struggle to be brutes ?
 Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way,
 And, with revert ambition, strive to sink ?
 Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
 Of endless night ; night darker than the grave's ?

Who

6. The INFIDEL RECLAIMED. 163

Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves*?

To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?
All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From *heav'n*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few,
By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain,

THOU! whose all-providential Eye surveys,
Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant august!
Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious Immortality in *man*:

A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love Thee most, who most adore.

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to man

Speaks

Speaks wisdom ; is his oracle supreme ;
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.
 LORENZO, to this heav'nly *Delphos* haste ;
 And come back all-immortal ; all divine :
 Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all ;
 All change ; no death. Day follows night ; and night
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;
 Earth takes th' example. See, the *Summer* gay,
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
 Droops into pallid *Autumn* : *Winter* grey,
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits, away :
 Then melts into the *Spring* : Soft *Spring*, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the *first*. All, to re-flourish, fades ;
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man *advances* ; both
 Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to heav'n.

The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel charges the Most High.

What hence infers LORENZO ? Can it be ?
Matter immortal ? And shall *Spirit* die ?

Above

6. The INFIDEL RECLAIMED. 165

Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall Man alone,
Imperial Man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death's* single unredeem'd?

If nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.
Look nature thro', 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: What love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and sense;
There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends.
Wide yawns the gap; connexion is no more;
Check'd *reason* halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;

A scheme, *analogy* pronounc'd so true;

Analogy, man's surest guide below.

Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
 And will LORENZO, careless of the call,
 False attestation on all nature charge,
 Rather than violate his league with death?
 Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
 The dust belov'd, and run the *risque* of heav'n?
 O what indignity to deathless souls!
 What treason to the majesty of man!
 Of man *immortal*! Hear the lofty style:
 "If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
 "Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,
 "And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
 "The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
 "As tow'ring flame from *nature's* fun'ral pyre;
 "O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
 "His charter, his inviolable rights,
 "Well-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
 "Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

But these chimeras touch not thee, LORENZO!
 The glories of the world thy sev'nfold *shield*.

Other ambition than of crowns in air,
 And superlunary felicities,

Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
 And turn those glories that inchant, against thee.
 What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
 If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.

Come, my *ambitions*! let us mount together
 (To mount, LORENZO never can refuse);

And

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And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
 Look down on earth.—What seest thou? Wond'rous
 Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies. [things!
 What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
 Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war!
 Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
 His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
 Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand;
 What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
 O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
 And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.
 Some mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise;
 And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
 Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
 See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
 The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
 Or southward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
 The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
 How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
 Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
 Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
 High thro' mid air, *hurs*, streams are taught to flow;
 Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in basons, sleep.
Hers, plains turn oceans; *there*, vast oceans join
 Thro' kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore;
 And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
 Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
 Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?
 See fields in blood; hear naval thunders rise;
 BRITANNIA'S voice! that awes the world to peace.
 How

How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
 The mid-sea, furious waves! Their roar amidst,
 Out-speaks the Deity, and says, "O main!
 "Thus far, nor farther; *new* restraints obey."
 Earth's disembowel'd! measur'd are the skies!
 Stars are detected in their deep recess!
 Creation widens! vanquish'd *nature* yields!
 Her secrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
 What monument of genius, spirit, power!

And now, LORENZO! raptur'd at this scene,
 Whose glories render heav'n superfluous! say,
 Whose footsteps these?—*Immortals* have been here.
 Could less than souls immortal this have done?
 Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal;
 And proofs of immortality *forgot*.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
 These are *ambition's* works: And these are great:
 But *this*, the least immortal souls can do;
 Transcend them all—But what can these transcend?
 Dost ask me what?—One sigh for the *distress*.
 What then for *infidels*? A deeper sigh.
 'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
 How *little* they, who think aught *great* blow!
 All our ambitions death defeats, but *one*;
 And that it crowns.—Here cease we: But, ere long,
 More pow'rful *proof* shall take the field against thee,
 Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

NIGHT the SEVENTH.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

INFIDEL Reclaimed,

VOL. III.

I

NIGHT THE SEVENTH

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NIGHT the SEVENTH.

BEING THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE,
of IMMORTALITY.

P R E F A C E.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity, is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase, at this day; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding Night, be just. It is there supposed, that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betray'd

into their deplorable error, by some doubts of their immortality, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Tho' the distrust of a futurity is a strange error; yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are,—That either GOD will not, or can not punish. Considering the divine attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as holiness, that GOD cannot punish, is as absurd a supposition, as the former. GOD certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on this member of their alternative, there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimæra, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclin'd than ever to pursue it, as it appear'd to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, pursu'd at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventur'd on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: What pity 'tis they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt, and abhorrence, their notions would have been received by those whom they so much admire? What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectur'd by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates, ('tis well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: Yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserv'd acknowledgement; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality: For his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himself, that was not IMMORTAL.

This fact well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: And, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candor and impartiality: Which is all I desire; and that, for their sakes: For I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7, 1744.

CONTENTS of the Seventh Night.

IN the sixth Night arguments were drawn, from NATURE, in proof of immortality: Here, others are drawn from MAN: From his Discontent, p. 176; from his Passions and Powers, 177; from the gradual growth of Reason, *ibid.* from his fear of Death, 178; from the nature of Hope, *ibid.* and of Virtue, 179, &c. from Knowledge, and Love, as being the most essential properties of the soul, 183; from the Order of Creation, 184, &c. from the nature of Ambition, 186, &c. Avarice, 190; Pleasure, 191. A digression on the grandeur of the Passions, 192, 193. Immortality alone renders our present state intelligible, 193. An objection from the Stoics disbelief of immortality answered, 194, 195. Endless questions unresolvable, but on supposition of our immortality, 195, 196. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetic complaint of a worthy man, under the persuasion of no futurity, 197, &c. The gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation urg'd benevolence, 202, &c. The soul's vast importance, 202, &c. from whence it arises, 211, 212. The Difficulty of being an infidel, 213, the Infamy, *ibid.* the Cause, 214, and the Character, *ibid.* of an infidel state. What true free-thinking is, 216. The necessary punishment of the false, 217, 218. Man's ruin is from himself, 219. An infidel accuses himself of guilt, and hypocrisy; and that of the worst sort, *ibid.* His obligation to Christians, 220. What danger he incurs by Virtue, *ibid.* Vice recommended to him, 221. His high pretences to Virtue, and Benevolence, exploded, *ibid.* The conclusion, on the nature of Faith, 223. Reason, *ibid.*; and Hope, *ibid.*; with an apology for this attempt, 224.

HEAVN



HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.
 What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
 To wake the soul to sense of future scenes ?
Deaths stand, like *Mercurys*, in ev'ry way,
 And kindly point us to our journey's end.
 POPE, who couldst make immortals ! art thou dead ?
 I give thee joy : Nor will I take my leave ;
 So soon to follow. Man but dives in death ;
 Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise ;
 The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.
 Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so ;
 Thro' various parts our glorious story runs ;
 Time gives the preface, *endless age* unrolls
 The volume (ne'er unroll'd !) of human fate.
*This, earth and skies * already* have proclaim'd.
 The world's a prophecy of worlds to come ;
 And who, what God foretels (who speaks in *things*,
 Still louder than in *words*) shall dare deny ?
 If *nature's* arguments appear too weak,
 Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.
 If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,
 Can he prove infidel to what he *feels* ?
 He, whose blind thought futurity denies,

* Night the Sixth.

Unconscious bears, BELLEROPHON ! like thee,
His own indictment ; he condemns himself ;
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life ;
Or, *nature*, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables ; man was made a *lye*.

Why *discontent* for ever harbour'd there ?
Incurable consumption of our peace !
Resolve me, why, the *cottager*, and *king*,
He, whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?

Is it, that things *terrestrial* can't content ?
Deep in rich pasture will thy flocks complain ?
Not so ; but to their master is deny'd
To share their sweet *serene*. Man, ill at ease,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food,
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.

Is heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee ?
Not so ; thy pasture richer, but remote ;
In part, remote ; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *instinct*, tho' perhaps, debauch'd
By *sense*, his *reason* sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes !
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise ;
And discontent is *immortality*.

Shall

Shall sons of æther, shall the blood of heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and stable *here*,
With brutal acquiescence in the mire?
LORENZO! no! they shall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreigners*, distressed, shall sigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the sigh:
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His *anxious* heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the *sceptic* in his head the lye.

Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our *powers*,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies:
Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake;
And for this land of trifles *these* too strong
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life:
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our *passions* heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: Blest Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardor for unbounded bliss!
O for a bliss *unbounded*! Far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *powers* to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

Reason progressive, *instinct* is complete;
Swift *instinct* leaps; slow *reason* feebly climbs:
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all

Flows in at once; in ages they no more
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
 Were *man* to live coëval with the sun,
 The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn't.
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun
 Should set ere noon, in *eastern* oceans drown'd;
 If fit, with *dim*, *illustrious* to compare,
 The sun's *meridian* with the *soul* of man.
 To man, why, stepdame *nature*! so severe?
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
 Or, if abortively, poor man must die,
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *dread*?
 Why curst with foresight? Wise to misery?
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
 Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
 His *immortality* alone can tell;
 Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
 And turn the scale in favour of the just!
 His *immortality* alone can solve
 The darkest of *ænigmas*, human *hope*;
 Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
 All *present* blessings treading under foot,
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*.
 With no past toils content, still planting new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than *pursuit*?
 Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?

That

That wish accomplish'd, why, the grave of bliss?
Because, in the *great future* bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies *all* that man with ardor should pursue;
And HE who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart th' ALMIGHTY to the *future* sets,
By secret and inviolable springs;
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: For something *new*
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He *will* descend. He starves on the *possest*.
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank fly why wallow'd empire's son
Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His *riot* was *ambition* in despair.

Old *Rome* consulted birds; LORENZO! thou
With more success, the flight of *hope* survey;
Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And, never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If *being* fails) more mournful riddles rise,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.
Why *virtue*? Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd:

What true self-interest of *quite-mortal* man?
 To close with all that makes him happy *here*.
 If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
 Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *few* reign good.
 In *self-applause* is virtue's golden prize;
 No self-applause attends it on *thy* scheme:
 Whence self-applause? From conscience of the right.
 And what is right, but means of happiness?
 No means of happiness when *virtue* yields;
 That basis failing, falls the building too,
 And lays in ruin ev'ry *virtuous* joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
 So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
 Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
 Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
 Of self-exposure, laudable, and great?
 Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?
 Die for thy country?—Thou romantic fool!
 Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
 Thy country! what to Thee?—The *Godhead*, what?
 (I speak with awe!) tho' He should bid thee bleed?
 If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is spilt,
 Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
 Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience: Know, LORENZO!
 Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY's subsequent command,
 His first command is *this*:—"Man, love thyself."
 In this alone, free-agents are *not* free.
 Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
 If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime;

Bold

Bold violation of our law *supreme*,
 Black suicide; tho' nations, which consult
 Their gain, at thy expence, resound applause.

Since *virtue's* recompence is doubtful, *here*,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is man *suffer'd* to be good in vain?
 Why to be good in vain, is man *injoin'd*?
 Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd*?
 Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
 Why whispers *nature* lyes on virtue's part?
 Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name
 Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
 Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat?
 Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise?
 Can man by *reason's* beam be led astray?
 Or, at his peril, *imitate his God*?
 Since virtue *sometimes* ruins us on earth,
 Or *both* are true; or, man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, LORENZO,
 Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
 Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
 Grant man *immortal*, and thy scorn is just.
 The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
 Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
 But if man loses All, when life is lost,
 He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
 A *daring* infidel (and such there are,
 From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,

Or

Or pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for *worth*, whose noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers;
Dream we, that lustre of the *moral* world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,
And strenuous to *transcribe*, in human life,
The Mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest *angels* too might die?

If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd? and a *solitary* God,
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes*;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom and *worth*, how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and *worth*, are sacred names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not *compassion*'d too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, *inflicted* both,
To make us but more wretched: *Wisdom's* eye
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;

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And *worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their stings.

Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,

And worth exalted *humbles* us the more.

Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes

Weakness, and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.

“Has virtue, then, no joys?”—Yes, joys *dear-bought*;

Talk ne’er so long, in this imperfect state,

Virtue and vice are at eternal war,

Virtue’s a combat; and who fights for nought?

Or for precarious, or for small reward?

Who virtue’s *self-reward* so loud resound,

Would take degrees *angelic* here below,

And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray,

By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.

The crown, th’ *unsfading* crown, her soul inspires:

’Tis That, and That alone, can countervail

The body’s treacheries, and the *world’s* assaults:

On earth’s poor pay our famisht virtue dies.

Truth incontestable! In spite of all

A BAYLE has preach’d, or a V——e believ’d.

In man the more we dive, the more we see

Heav’n’s signet stamping an *immortal* make.

Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base

Sustaining all; what find we? *Knowledge, Love.*

As light and heat, essential to the sun,

These to the soul. And *why*, if souls expire?

How little lovely *here*? How little known?

Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil;

And *love* unfeign’d may purchase perfect hate.

Why starv’d, on earth, our *angel* appetites;

While

While *brutal* are indulg'd their sulsome fill?
 Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
 As a mock-diadem, in savage sport,
 Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?
 In future age lies no redress? And shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made!
 The worst to *wallow*, and the best to *weep*;
 The man who merits most, must most complain:
 Can we conceive a disregard in heav'n,
 What the worst *perpetrate*, or best *endure*?

This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
 Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heav'n suits in All;
 Nor, *nature* thro', e'er violates this sweet,
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
 Is *man* the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
 (I speak with truth, but veneration too)
 Man is a monster, the reproach of heav'n,
 A slain, a dark impenetrable cloud
 On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
 (Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *lord*.
 If such is man's allotment, *what* is heav'n?
 Or own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
 All *order*. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
 And bow to thy superiors of the stall;

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry scene of *sense* superior far :
 They graze the turf untill'd ; they drink the stream
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
 With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs ;
 Mankind's peculiar ! *reason's* precious dower !
 No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes ;
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar ;
 Their good is good intire, unmixt, unmar'd ;
 They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
 On boughs *forbidden* where no curses hang :
 Their *ill* no more than strikes the sense ; unstretch'd
 By previous dread, or murmur in the rear :
 When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd ; one stroke
 Begins, and ends, their woe : They die but *once* ;
 Blest, incommunicable privilege ! for which
 Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.

No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,
 But what beams on it from *eternity*.
 O sole, and sweet solution ! That unties
 The difficult, and softens the severe ;
 The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face dispels ;
 Restores bright *order* ; casts the brute beneath ;
 And re-inthrones us in supremacy
 Of joy, ev'n *here* : Admit immortal life,
 And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more ;
 Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,
 Far richer in reversion : *Hope* exults ;
 And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,

Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.

O wherefore is the DEITY so kind?

Astonishing beyond astonishment!

Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd *below*.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn *heart*?—For *there*

The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.

Reason is guiltless; *will* alone rebels.

What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find

New, unexpected witnesses against thee?

Ambition, *pleasure*, and the *love* of gain!

Canst thou suspect, that *these*, which make the soul

The *slave* of earth, should own her *hair* of heav'n?

Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*

Our immortality, should prove it *sure*?

First, then, *ambition* summon to the bar.

Ambition's *shame*, *extravagance*, *disgust*,

And *inextinguishable nature*, speak.

Each much *deposes*; hear them in their turn.

Thy soul, how passionately fond of *fame*!

How anxious, that fond passion to conceal!

We blush, detested in designs on praise,

Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men;

And why? Because *immortal*. Art divine

Has made the body tutor to the soul;

Heav'n kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;

Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there

Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,

Which stoops to court a character from man;

While o'er us, in tremendous judgment sit

Far more than man, with *endless* praise, and blame.

Ambition's

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Ambition's *boundless appetite* out-speaks
The verdict of its *shame*. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound:
We wish our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.

Infinæ points out an int'rest in hereafter;
But our blind *reason* sees not *where* it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is This all?" cry'd CÆSAR at his height,
Disgusted. This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At *such* success, and blush at his renown.
And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
It calls in whispers, yet the dearest hear.

And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'er-look'd by some *reputed* wise.
Tho' disappointments in ambition *pain*,

And

And tho' success *disgusts*; yet still, LORENZO!
 In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
 By nature planted for the noblest ends.
 Absurd the fam'd advice to PYRRHUS given,
 More prais'd, than ponder'd; specious, but unsound;
 Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd,
 Than *reason*, his ambition. Man must soar.
 An obstinate activity within,
 An insuppressive spring, will toss him up
 In spite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
 Each villager has his ambition too;
 No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:
 Slaves build their little *Babylons* of straw,
 Echo the proud *Assyrian*, in their hearts,
 And cry,—“Behold the wonders of my might!”
 And why? Because *immortal* as their lord;
 And souls immortal must for ever heave
 At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is *human* praise,
 When human is supported by *divine*.
 I'll introduce LORENZO to Himself;
Pleasure and *pride* (bad masters!) share our hearts.
 As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
 And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
 The love of *praise* is planted to protect,
 And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it, but the *love of praise*, inspires,
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
 Earth's happiness? From *that*, the delicate,

The

The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life,
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
The basis, on which *love of glory* builds.
Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue* ! less in debt
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss !
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard ;
Reason, her first ; but reason wants an aid ;
Our *private* reason is a flatterer ;
Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

Here a *fifth* proof arises, stronger still :
Why this so nice construction of our hearts ?

These delicate moralities of *sense* ;
This *constitutional* reserve of aid
To succour virtue, when our *reason* fails ;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die ?
Why freighted-rich, to dash against a rock ?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,
O how mis-spent were all these stratagems,
By skill divine inwoven in our frame !
Where are heav'n's holiness and mercy fled ?
Laughs heav'n, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man* ?
If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd ?

Thus

Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice* ?
 This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *Thine* :
 " The wise and wealthy are the same,"—I grant it.
 To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.
 To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on,
 To guide that instinct, *reason* ! is thy charge ;
 'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treasure lies :
 But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
 Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
 A blunder follows ; and blind *industry*,
 Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
 (The course where stakes of more than gold are won)
 O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,
 The jaded spirits of the *present* hour,
 Provides for an *eternity* below.

" *Thou shalt not covet*," is a wise command ;
 But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys :
 Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,
 And *av'rice* is a virtue most divine.
 Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness* ?
 Most sure : And is it not for *reason* too ?
 Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.
 Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain ?
 From inextinguishable life in man :
 Man, if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *skies*,
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in *guilt*.
 Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice*,
 Yet still their root is *immortality* :
 These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,

(Pain

(Pain and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of *bliss*.

See, the *third witness* laughs at bliss remote,
And falsely promises an *Eden* here :
Truth she shall speak for once, tho' prone to lye,
A common cheat, and *Pleasure* is her name.
To pleasure never was LORENZO deaf ;
Then hear her now, now *first* thy *real* friend.

Since nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy !
Makers of mirth ! artificers of smiles !)
Why should the joy most poignant *sense* affords,
Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride ?—
Those heav'n-born blushes tell us man *descends*,
Ev'n in the zenith of his *earthly* bliss :
Should *reason* take her infidel repose,
This honest *instinct* speaks our lineage high ;
This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
Our *glory* covers us with noble *shame*,
And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.
The man that blushes, is not quite a *brute*.
Thus far with Thee, LORENZO ! will I close,
Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made ;
But pleasure full of glory, as of joy ;
Pleasure, which neither *blushes*, nor *expires*.

The witnesses are heard ; the cause is o'er ;
Let *conscience* file the sentence in her court,

Dearer

Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey :

Thus seal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.

" Know, All; know, infidels,—unapt to know!

" 'Tis *immortality* your nature solves;

" 'Tis *immortality* decyphers man,

" And opens all the myst'ries of his make.

" Without it, half his *instincts* are a riddle;

" Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream.

" His very *crimes* attest his dignity;

" His fateless thirst of *pleasure*, *gold*, and *fame*,

" Declares him born for blessings *infinite* :

" What less than infinite makes un-absurd

" *Passions*, which *all* on earth but more inflames?

" Fierce passions, so mis-measur'd to *this* scene,

" Stretcht out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,

" Far, far beyond the worth of all below,

" For *earth* too large, presage a nobler flight,

" And evidence our title to the *skies*."

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!

Whose constitution dictates to your pen,

Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from hell!

Think not our passions from *corruption* sprung,

Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings;

That is their *mistress*, not their *mother*. All

(And justly) *reason* deem divine: I see,

I feel a grandeur in the *passions* too,

Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;

Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.

In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,

Ere ADAM fell; tho' wiser in their aim.

Like

7. The INFIDEL RECLAIMED. 195

Like the proud *Eastern*, struck by providence,
 What tho' our *passions* are run mad, and stoop
 With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze
 On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire?
 Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray
 Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
 But *these* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd),
 When *reason* moderates the rein aright,
 Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere,
 Where once they soar'd illustrious; ere seduc'd
 By wanton *EVIL's* debauch, to stroll on earth,
 And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrensy lasts; their phrensy fails
 To disappoint *one* providential end,
 For which heav'n blew up ardor in our hearts:
 Were *reason* silent, boundless *passion* speaks
 A future scene of boundless *objects* too,
 And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens All;
 And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.
 Consider man as an *immortal* being,
 Intelligible All; and All is great;
 A crystalline transparency prevails,
 And strikes full lustre thro' the human sphere:
 Consider man as *mortal*, All is dark,
 And wretched; *reason* weeps at the survey.

The learn'd *LORENZO* cries, "And let her weep,
 "Weak, *modern* reason: *Antient* times were wise.
 "Authority, that venerable guide,
 "Stands on my part; the fam'd *Athenian* porch

" (And who for wisdom so renown'd as They?)

" Deny'd this immortality to man."

I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.

A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,

Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wisdom's page,

Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?

Fable is flat to these high-season'd Sires;

They leave th' extravagance of song below.

" Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy

" The dagger or the rack; to them, alike

" A bed of roses, or the burning bull."

In men exploding all beyond the grave,

Strange doctrine, This! As *doctrine*, it was strange;

But not, as *prophecy*; for such it *prov'd*,

And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:

They feign'd a firmness *Christians* need not feign.

The *Christian* truly triumph'd in the flame:

The *Stoic* saw, in double wonder lost,

Wonder at Them, and wonder at Himself,

To find the bold adventures of his thought

Not bold, and that he strove to lye in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? Those tow'ring

thoughts, that flew

Such monstrous heights?—From *insinæ*, and from *pride*.

The glorious *insinæ* of a deathless soul,

Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,

Suggested truths they could not understand.

In *lust*'s dominion, and in *passion*'s storm,

Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,

As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom :
Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reason* disbeliev'd.
Pride, like the *Delphic* priestess, with a swell,
Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be *future* sense,
When life *immortal*, in full day, should shine;
And *death's* dark shadows fly the gospel sun.
Thy spoke, what nothing but *immortal* souls
Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.

Can then *absurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
Speak man *immortal*? All things speak him so,
Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if *earth* is All.

"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?

"Our wish, Eternity? Our home, the Grave?

"Heav'n's *promise* dormant lies in human *hope*;

"Who *wishes* life immortal, *proves* it too.

"Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?

"Man's thirst of happiness declares *It is*,

"(I or nature never gravitates to nought);

"That thirst unquencht declares *It is not Here*.

"My LUCIA, *Thy* CLARISSA, call to thought;

"Why *cordial friendship* riveted so deep,

"As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,

"If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?

"Is not This torment in the mask of joy?

"Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *sense*?

"Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,

"And putting all our *present* joys to death?

" Why labours *reason*? *instinct* were as well;

" Instinct far better; what can *chuse*, can *err*:

" O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute!

" 'Twere well his *Holiness* were half as sure.

" *Reason* with *inclination*, why at war?

" Why *sense* of *guilt*? why *conscience* up in arms?"

Conscience of *guilt*, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-council to decline the blow.

Reason with *inclination* ne'er had jarr'd,

If nothing future paid forbearance Here:

Thus on—These, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,

All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene;

Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far

Than all things else most *certain*; were it *false*,

What *truth* on earth so precious as the lye?

This world it gives us, let what will ensue;

This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*:

The future of the present is the soul:

How *this* life groans, when sever'd from the *next*!

Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!

By dark distrust his being cut in two,

In *both* parts perishes; *life* void of joy,

Sad prelude of *Eternity* in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out

My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep!

Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,

Abhor'd ANNIHILATION! blasts the soul,

And wide extends the bounds of human woe!

Could I believe LORENZO's system true,

In *this* black channel would my ravings run.

" Grief

" Grief from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere while.
 " The future *vanisht* ! and the present *pain'd* !
 " Strange import of unprecedented ill !
 " Fall, how profound ! Like LUCIFER's, the fall !
 " Unequal fate ! His fall, without his guilt !
 " From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
 " The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 " To night ! To *nothing* ! Darker still than night.
 " If 'twas a *dream*, why wake me, my worst Foe,
 " LORENZO ! boastful of the name of Friend !
 " O for delusion ! O for error still !
 " Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
 " A *thinking* being in a world like This,
 " Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite ;
 " More curst than at the *fall* ?—The sun goes out !
 " The thorns shoot up ! What thorns in ev'ry thought !
 " Why sense of better ? It imbitters worse.
 " Why sense ? why life ? If but to sigh, then sink
 " To what I was ! *twice* nothing ! and much woe !
 " Woe, from heav'n's bounties ! woe from what was
 " To flatter most, high *intellectual pow'rs*. [wont
 " *Thought, virtue, knowledge* ! blessings, by *thy* scheme,
 " All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once
 " My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread.
 " To *know myself*, true wisdom ?—No, to shun
 " That shocking science, parent of despair !
 " Avert thy mirror : If I see, I die.
 " *Know my Creator* ? Climb His blest abode
 " By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
 " Dive in His nature, read His attributes,

- " And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
 " Obtruding life, with-holding happiness!
 " From the full rivers that surround his throne;
 " Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
 " Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
 " To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!
 " Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
 " Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my thought,
 " Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!
 " Now leagu'd with furies, and with **Tbee*, against me.
 " *Know His achievements? Study His renown?*
 " Contemplate this amazing universe;
 " Dropt from His hand, with miracles replete!
 " For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
 " To find one miracle of *misery*?
 " To find the Being, which alone can *know*
 " And *praise* His works, a blemish on His praise?
 " Thro' nature's ample range, in thought, to stroll,
 " And start at *man*; the single mourner There, [death?
 " Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and
 " Knowing is suff'ring: And shall *virtue* share
 " The sigh of *knowledge*?—Virtue shares the sigh.
 " By straining up the steep of *excellent*,
 " By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
 " What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
 " *Angelic* worth, soon shuffled in the dark
 " With ev'ry vice, and swept to *brutal* dust?
 " Merit is madness; virtue is a crime;
 " A crime to *reason*, if it costs us pain

* LORENZO.

" *Unpaid:*

"Unpaid: What pain, amidst a thousand more,
 "To think the most *abandon'd*, after days
 "Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
 "As *soft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
 "Duty! Religion! — These, our duty done,
 "Imply reward. Religion is mistake.
 "Duty! — There's none, but to repel the cheat.
 "Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
 "Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies:
 "Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
 "That toss, and struggle, in my *lying* breast,
 "To scale the skies, and build presumptions There,
 "As I were heir of an *Eternity*.
 "Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
 "Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
 "As bounded as my being, be my wish.
 "All is inverted, *wisdom* is a fool.
 "Sense! take the rein; blind *passion*! drive us on;
 "And, *ignorance*! befriend us on our way;
 "Ye *new*, but *truest* patrons of our peace!
 "Yes; give the *pulse* full empire; live the *brute*,
 "Since, as the brute, we die. The *sum* of man,
 "Of Godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
 "But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
 "Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
 "And safer too; *they* never poisons chuse.
 "*Instinct*, than *reason*, makes more wholesome meals,
 "And sends all-marring murmur far away.
 "For *sensual* life *they* best philosophize;
 "Theirs, that *serene*, the *sages* sought in vain:

- " 'Tis *man* alone expostulates with heav'n ;
 " *His*, all the *pow'r*, and all the *cause*, to mourn.
 " Shall *human eyes alone* dissolve in tears ?
 " And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts ?
 " The wide-stretcht realm of *intellectual* woe,
 " Surpassing *sensual* far, is All our Own.
 " In *life* so fatally distinguisht, why
 " Cast in one lot, confounded, lump't, in *death* ?
 " Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt ?
 " Why thunder'd this peculiar *clause* against us,
 " *All-mortal, and All-wretched* !—Have the skies
 " Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,
 " Nor *bumbly* reason, when they *solely* sigh ?
 " *All-mortal, and All-wretched* !—"Tis too much :
 " Unparallel'd in nature : 'Tis too much
 " On-being *unrequested* at Thy hands,
 " OMNIPOTENT ! for I see nought but *power*.
 " And why see That ? Why *thought* ? To toil, and eat,
 " Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
 " What superfluities are *reas'ning* souls !
 " Oh give Eternity ! or Thought destroy.
 " But without thought our curse were half unfelt ;
 " Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart ;
 " And, *therefore*, 'tis bestow'd, I thank thee, *Reason* !
 " For aiding *life's* too small calamities,
 " And giving being to the dread of *death*.
 " Such are thy bounties !—Was it then too much
 " For *me*, to trespass on the brutal rights ?
 " Too much for *heav'n* to make one emmet more ?
 " Too much for *chaos* to permit my mass
 " A longer

- " A longer stay with essences unwrought,
 " Unfashion'd, *untormented* into man ?
 " Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains !
 " Wretched capacity of phrensy, *thought* !
 " Wretched capacity of dying, *life* !
 " *Life, thought, worth, wisdom*, All (O foul revolt !)
 " Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
 " *Death*, then, has chang'd his nature too : O death !
 " Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav'n !
 " Best friend of man ! since man is man no more.
 " Why in this thorny *wilderness* so long,
 " Since there's no *promis'd land's* ambrosial bower,
 " To pay me with its honey for my stings ?
 " If needful to the selfish-schemes of heaven
 " To sting us sore, why *mockt* our misery ?
 " Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads ?
 " Why this illustrious canopy display'd ?
 " Why so magnificently lodg'd *despair* ?
 " At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
 " These *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
 " Their length of labours, and of pains ; nor lose
 " Their misery's full measure ?—Smiles with flowers,
 " And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming *earth*,
 " That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes,
 " And in an *Eden* mourn his wither'd joys ?
 " Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
 " For *such* delights ! Bless *animals* ! too wise
 " To *wonder* ; and too happy to *complain* !
 " Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene :
 " Why not a dungeon dark, for the condemn'd ?

" Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
 " For man to howl in? Why not his abode
 " Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
 " A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vast expence
 " Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 " As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
 " Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire,
 " If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 " While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
 " The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
 " And, round us, *death's* inexorable hand
 " Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
 " *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *death*,
 " Once, I beheld a sun; a sun which gild:
 " That fable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
 " How the *grave's* alter'd! Fathomless, as hell!
 " A *real* hell to Those who dreamt of heav'n.
 " ANNIHILATION! How it yawns before me!
 " Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sense*,
 " The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
 " An outcast from existence! And this spirit,
 " This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 " This particle of energy divine,
 " Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
 " And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
 " For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
 " Death of *that* death I *fearless* once survey'd!—
 " When horror *universal* shall descend,
 " And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,

" On

" On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
 " How just this verse! this monumental sigh!"

*Beneath the lumber of demolisht worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass
 Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
 Here lie proud rationals; The sons of heaven!
 The lords of earth! The property of worms!
 Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
 All gone to rot in chaos; or to make
 Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
 Nor longer sully their CREATOR's name.*

LORENZO! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
 Just is this history? If *such* is man,
 Mankind's historian, tho' divine, might weep.
 And dares LORENZO smile!—I know thee proud;
 For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
 At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
 Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
 And art thou then a shadow? Less than shade?
 A Nothing? *Less* than Nothing? To *have* been,
 And *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.
 Art thou *ambitious*? Why then make the worm
 Thine equal? Runs thy taste of *pleasure* high?
 Why patronize sure death of ev'ry joy?
 Charm *riches*? Why chuse begg'ry in the grave,
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee

To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They † lately *prov'd*, the soul's supreme desire.

What art thou made of? Rather, how Unmade?
Great *nature's* master-appetite destroy'd!
Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
Or both wisht, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with heav'n!
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful LORENZO!
Destroys thy scheme the *whole* of human race?
Kind is felt LUCIFER, compar'd to Thee:
Oh! spare this *waste* of being half-divine;
And vindicate th' *economy* of heaven.

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *bless*:
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy *so* to be?
Heav'n starts at an *annihilating* God.

Is That, all *nature* starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
Of *nature*, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
To nature undebaucht no shock so great;
Nature's *first* wish is *endless* happiness;

† In the Sixth Night.

Anni-

Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But, first, he wish'd the DEITY destroy'd.

If so; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp so black a scheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities* begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
Thro' *time's* rough billows into *night's* abyfs.
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it *something* to be born?
Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-sustaining *base*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *destruction* to refund her spoil?
Command the grave restore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vase its human harvest yield,
And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,

True

True to the grand deposit trusted *there*?
 Is there no *potentate*, whose out-stretcht arm,
 When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
 Pluckt from foul *devastation's* famisht maw,
 Binds *present, past, and future*, to his throne?
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
 By germinating beings clust'ring round!
 A garland worthy the divinity!
 A throne, by heav'n's omnipotence *in smiles*,
 Built (like a *pharos* tow'ring in the waves)
 Amidst immense effusions of his love!
 An ocean of *communicated* blifs!

An all-prolific, all-preserving God!
This were a God indeed.—And such *is* man;
 As here presum'd: He rises from his fall.
 Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
 Each blossom fair of DEITY destroy'd?
 Nothing is dead; nay, Nothing sleeps; each soul,
 That ever animated human clay,
 Now wakes; is on the wing: And where, O where,
 Will the swarm settle?—When the *trumpet's* call,
 As sounding brass, collects us, round heav'n's throne
 Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,
 (Paternal splendor!) and adhere for ever.
 Had not the soul this *outlet* to the skies,
 In this vast vessel of the universe,
 How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
 How in the pangs of famisht *hope* expire!
 How bright *my* prospect shines! how gloomy, *thine*!
 A trembling world! and a devouring god!

Earth,

Earth, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
 Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
 Of being *lost*. LORENZO! can it be?

This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*.

Who would be born to such a phantom world,

Where nought substantial but our misery?

Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,

So soon to perish, and revive no more?

The greater *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.

A world, so far from *great* (and yet how *great*

It shines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it;

Being, a shadow; *consciousness*, a dream?

A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank.

Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark

From non-existence struck by wrath divine,

Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,

'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *night*,

His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!

LORENZO! dost thou *feel* these arguments?

Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?

How hast thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone?

How dar'd *indict* Him of a world like this?

If *such* the world, creation was a crime;

For what is crime, but cause of misery?

Retract, blasphemër! and unriddle *this*,

Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,

Without us, and *within*, the short result—

"If man's immortal, there's a God in heaven."

But

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? One sets *my* soul at rest!
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at *heart*.
So just the skies, PHILANDER's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.

“*What an old tale is this!*” LORENZO cries.—

I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys: Be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.

Say, know'st thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art?
Know'st thou th' *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: Worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; *one* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation *poor*.

For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the SUPREME; nor His, a few;
Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance: Tremble at thyself;
For whom Omnipotence has wak'd so long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of nature to this *unbelieving* hour.

In this small province of His vast domain
(All *nature* bow, while I pronounce His Name!)
What has God done, and not for *this* sole end,
To rescue souls from death? The *soul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.

The *soul's high price* is the *Creation's Key*,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine :
That, is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design :
That, is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *nat'ral, civil, or religious*, world ;
The former two but servants to the third :
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *mas's* new-cast, forgot their *deeds* renown'd ;
And angels ask, " *Where once they shone so fair?*"

To lift us from this abject, to sublime ;
This flux, to permanent ; this dark, to day ;
This foul, to pure ; this turbid, to serene ;
This mean, to mighty !—for *this* glorious end
Th' ALMIGHTY, rising, his long sabbath broke !
The world was made ; was ruin'd ; was restor'd ;
Laws from the skies were publish'd ; were repeal'd ;
On *earth* kings, kingdoms, rose ; kings, kingdoms, fell ;
Fam'd sages lighted up the *pagan* world ;
Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen glance
Thro' distant age ; saints travell'd ; martyrs bled ;
By wonders sacred nature stood controul'd ;

The

The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
 Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven;
 And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still;
 Guilt was hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
 For one short moment LUCIFER ador'd:
 LORENZO! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
 That *hallow'd* page, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
 Of all these truths thrice venerable code!
Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent *infernal* powers
 To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
 O what a scene is here!—LORENZO! wake!
 Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul
 To take the vast idea: It denies
 All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
 Not *Europe* against *Afric*; warring worlds!
 Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
 On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,
 High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife!
 This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
 In their own cause conflicting? No; in *thine*,
 In *man's*. His *single* int'rest blows the flame;
 His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
 Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
 And tempest nature's universal sphere.
 Such opposites eternal, steadfast, stern,

Such

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED. 213

Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill*;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.

Think not this fiction, "*There was war in heav'n.*"
From heav'n's high crystal mountain, where it hung,
Th' ALMIGHTY'S out-stretcht arm took down his bow:
And shot his indignation at the *deep* :]
Re-thunder'd *bell*, and darted all her fires.—
And seems the stake of little moment still ?
And slumbers *man*, who singly caus'd the storm ?
He sleeps.—And art thou shockt at *mysteries* ?
The greatest, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardor, care, and counsel, *mortals* cause
In breasts divine ! How little in their own !

Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me !
How happily this wondrous view supports
My former argument ! How strongly *strikes*
Immortal life's full demonstration, *here* !
Why this exertion ? Why this strange regard
From heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man ?—
Because, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for *ever*.
Duration gives importance ; swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be ? A trifle of no weight ;
Or stand, or fall ; no matter which ; he's gone.
Because IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust.
Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes :
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight :
Hence, ev'ry soul has partisans above,

And

And ev'ry thought a critic in the skies:
 Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
 And ev'ry guard a passion for his charge:
 Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
 Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid,
 Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
 And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet mankind:
 In various modes of emphasis and awe,
He spoke his will, and trembling *nature* heard;
 He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.
 Witness, thou *Sinai*! whose cloud-cover'd height,
 And shaken basis, own'd the present God:
 Witness, ye *billows*! whose returning tide,
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
 Swept *Egypt*, and her menaces, to hell:
 Witness, ye *flames*! th' *Assyrian* tyrant blew
 To sev'nfold rage, as impotent, as strong:
 And thou, *earth*! witness, whose expanding jaws
 Clos'd o'er * *presumption's* sacrilegious sons:
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
 The *soul's high price*, and sworn it to the wise?
 Has not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, strove
 To strike *this truth*, thro' adamantinè man?
 If not all-adamant, LORENZO! hear;
 All is delusion; *nature* is wrapt up,
 In tenfold night, from *reason's* keenest eye;
 There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
 In all beneath the sun, in all above,

(As far as man can penetrate) or heaven
Is an immense, inestimable prize ;
Or all is Nothing, or that prize is all.—
And shall each *toy* be still a match for heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below ?
Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
What he would give a thousand worlds to *cure* ?

LORENZO ! thou hast seen (if thine to see)
All *nature*, and her God (by nature's *course*,
And nature's course *controul'd*) declare for me :
The skies above proclaim, " *immortal man !*"
And, " *man immortal !*" all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read by the greatest strangers to the schools ;
If *honest*, learn'd ; and *sages* o'er a plough.
Is not, LORENZO ! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative ; or, to renounce
Thy *reason*, or thy *sense* ; or, to *believe* ?
What then is *unbelief* ? 'Tis an exploit ;
A strenuous enterprize : To gain it, man
Must burst through ev'ry bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong ;
And what rewards the sturdy combatant ?
His prize, *repentance* ; *infamy*, his crown.

But wherefore, *infamy* ?—For want of *faith*,
Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides ;
There's nothing to support him in the *right*.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
In *embryo*, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt ;
And strong temptation ripens it to *birth*.

If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country sold, his father slain ?
'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;
And his supreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, avarice, by the wise disdain'd,
Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all:
These find employment, and provide for *sense*
A richer pasture, and a larger range;
And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne,
When *virtue's* prize and prospect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.
Would heav'n quite *beggar* virtue, if *belov'd*?

“Has *virtue* charms?”—I grant her heav'nly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will *int'rest* wed;
Tho' *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues grow on *immortality*;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *punishments* make GOD ador'd;
And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, *He's a knave*.
His *duty* 'tis, to love himself *alone*;
Nor care tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere long the man shall *wholly* die,
Is dead already; nought but *brute* survives.

7
THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED. 217

And are there such?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death; for utter loss of being,
Being, the basis of the DEITY!
Ask you the *cause*?—The cause they will not tell;
Nor *need* they: Oh the sorceries of *sense*!
They work this transformation on the soul,
Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and *crawl* in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope*!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn!
More *base* than those you rule! Than those you pity,
Far more *undone*! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity!
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
Ye curs'd by blessings infinite! Because
Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
Ye motly mass of *contradiction* strong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *against* you?
In the coarse drudgeries, and sinks of *sense*,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of heaven,

By

218 THE COMPLAINT. Night 7.

By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own :

But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *destroy* ;

To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.

LORENZO ! this black brotherhood renounce ;
 Renounce St. *Evremont*, and read St. *Paul*.
 Ere rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd,
 His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
 This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*,
 To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
 Thro' all the provinces of human thought ;
 To dart her flight, thro' the whole sphere of man ;
 Of this vast universe to make the tour ;
 In each recess of *space*, and *time*, at home ;
 Familiar with their wonders ; diving deep ;
 And, like a prince of boundless int'rests *there*,
 Still most ambitious of the most remote ;
 To look on *truth* unbroken, and intire ;
 Truth in the *system*, the full orb ; where truths
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction ; here, the more we press, we stand
 More firm ; who most *examine*, most *believe*.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound ; the *whole*
 Conveys the sense, and God is understood ;
 Who not in *fragments* writes to human race :
 Read his *whole* volume, sceptic ! then reply.

This, this, is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
 Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.

Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene ;

What

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED. 217

What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike *man*?
Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in heav'n, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.

Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?
It can; it does: The *world* is such a point:
And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves!

How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they drop!

LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone!

The *grave*, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd

A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,

Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.

How the world falls to pieces round about us,

And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!

What says this *transportation* of my friends?

It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,

And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.

Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;

There; there, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA sails.

Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,

That rock of souls *immortal*; cut thy cord;

Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;

Eye thy *Great Pole-star*; make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,

And two of death; the *last* far more severe.

Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun ;
 Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
 Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
 Triumphant in *His* beams, who made the day.
 When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*,
 (The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
 'Tis *utter* darkness ; strictly *double* death.
 We sink by no *judicial* stroke of heaven,
 But nature's *course* ; as sure as plumbets fall.
 Since GOD, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
 (Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere)
 'Tis manifest, LORENZO ! *who* must change.

If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
 Blame not the bowels of the DEITY ;
 Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.
 Not man alone, all *rational*s, heav'n arms
 With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
 To counter-act its own most gracious ends ;
 And this, of strict necessity, not choice ;
That pow'r deny'd, *men, angels*, were no more
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
 A nature *rational* implies the power
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please ;
 Else idle *reason* would have nought to do ;
 And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
 Heav'n *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom ;
Invites us ardently, but not *compels* ;
 Heav'n but *persuades*, almighty man *decrees* ;
 Man is the maker of immortal fates.

Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful secret,—That he lives for Ever.

Why *this* to Thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of second life? But wherefore doubtful still?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wish:

What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd:
What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wish;
And, when unwish'd, we *strive* to disbelieve.

"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*"

Nor that the *sole* detection! Blush, LORENZO!
Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.

The *future fear'd*?—An *infidel*, and fear?
Fear what? a *dream*? a *fable*?—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *strong*,
Affords my cause an undesign'd support!
How *disbelief* affirms, what it denies!

"*It, unawares, asserts immortal life.*"—

Surprising! *infidelity* turns out
A *creed*, and a *confession of our sins*:
Apostates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.

LORENZO! with LORENZO clash no more;
Nor longer a *transparent* vizard wear.

Think'st thou, RELIGION *only* has her mask?
Our infidels are *Satan's* hypocrites,
Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, *fail*.

When visited by thought (thought *will* intrude),
Like him they serve, they *tremble*, and *believe*.

Is there hypocrisy so foul as this?

So fatal to the welfare of the world?

What *detestation*, what *contempt*, their due!

And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape

That Christian candor they *strive* hard to scorn.

If not for that asylum, they might find

A hell on *earth*; nor 'scape a worse *below*.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,

Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,

Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—

But shall I dare confess the dire result?

Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand?

From *purser* manners, to *sublimar* faith,

Is nature's unavoidable ascent;

An *honest* deist, where the gospel shines,

Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends.

When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside

This song superfluous; *life immortal* strikes

Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.

A *Christian* dwells, like * URIEL, in the sun;

Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight;

And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.

Of *that* bright sun, LORENZO! scale the sphere;

'Tis easy! it invites thee; it descends

From heav'n to woee, and waft thee whence it came:

Read and revere the *sacred* page; a page

Where triumphs *immortality*; a page

Which not the whole *creation* could produce;

Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy;

* MILTON.

'T

'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In nature's ruins not one letter lost.

In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
Dost smile? — Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels, and men, assent to what I sing;
Wits smile, and thank me for my midnight dream.
How vicious hearts fume phrenzy to the brain!
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
Pert *infidelity* is *wit's* cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By *loss of being*, dreadfully secure.

LORENZO! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *This* is All, if *earth* a final scene,
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*;
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
Should'st thou be *good*—How infinite thy loss!
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
Blest scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
Of *hope*; and which *Vice* only recommends.
If so; *where*, infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? *Where* your lofty boast
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man*?

ANNIHILATION! I confess, in *these*.

What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a *song*?
Yet know, *its* † *title* flatters you, not *me*;
Yours be the praise to make *my* title good;
Mine, to bless heav'n, and triumph in *your* praise.

† The Infidel Reclaimed.

But since so pestilential your disease,
 Tho' sovereign is the med'cine I prescribe,
 As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair :
 But hope, ere long, my *midnight dream* will wake
 Your hearts, and teach your *wisdom*—to be wise :
 For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
 E'er wish (and wish in vain !) that souls could die ?
 What ne'er *can* die, Oh ! grant to *live* ; and crown
 The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies ;
Increase, and *enter* on the joys of heaven :
 Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,
 Receive an *imprimatur* from Above,
 While angels shout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd !*

To close, LORENZO ! spite of all my pains,
Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live *for ever* ?
 Is it *less* strange, that thou should'st live *at all* ?
This is a miracle ; and *That* no more.
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
 Deny thou *art* : Then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.
 A miracle with miracles inclos'd,
 Is man : And starts his faith at what is *strange* ?
 What less than wonders, from the *wonderful* ;
 What less than miracles, from GOD, can flow ?
Admit a GOD—that mystery supreme !
 That Cause uncaus'd ! all other wonders cease ;
 Nothing is marvellous for *Him* to do :
Deny Him—all is mystery besides ;
 Millions of mysteries ! *Each* darker far,
 Than *that* thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
 If *weak* thy faith, why chuse the harder side ?

The INFIDEL RECLAIMED. 223

We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous ;

Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.

So *weak* our *reason*, and so *great* our God,

What most surprises in the *sacred page*,

Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.

Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose.

To *faith*, and *virtue*, why so backward, man ?

From hence :—The *present* strongly strikes us all ;

The *future*, faintly : Can we, then, be *men* ?

If men, LORENZO ! the *reverse* is right.

Reason is man's peculiar : *Sense*, the brute's.

The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense* ;

The *future*, *reason's* empire unconfin'd :

On *that* expending all her godlike power,

She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there* ;

There, builds her *blessings* ! There, expects her *praise* ;

And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *men*.

And what is *reason* ? Be she, thus, defin'd ;

Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.

Oh ! be a *man* ;—and strive to be a *god*.

“ For what ? (thou say'st) To damp the joys of life ?”

No ; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.

That tyrant, *hope* ; mark how she domineers ;

She bids us quit realities, for dreams ;

Safety, and peace, for hazard, and alarm ;

That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,

She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize,

Spurn the luxuriant branch on which *it* sits,

Tho' bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game ;

And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.

If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
 Of little moment, and as little stay,
 Can sweeten toils, and dangers into joys;
 What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
 Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!
 Bliss, past *man's* pow'r to paint it; *time's* to close!

This hope is earth's most estimable prize:
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*;
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

Joy has her *tears*; and *transport* has her *death*;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
 Man's heart, at once, *inspires*, and *serenes*;
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
 'Tis All, our present state can *safely* bear,
 Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
 A joy attemper'd! a *chastis'd* delight!
 Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild, and sweet!
 'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

A blest hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
 Is All;—our *whole* of happiness: Full proof,
 I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
 And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men,
 Tho' quite forgotten † half your *Bible's* praise!)
Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please:
Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too much:
 If there is weight in an ETERNITY,
 Let the *grave* listen;—and be *graver* still.

† The poetical parts of it.

7.

THE COMPLAINT

of passion, and of things, which
Of this moment, and a little
Of two, and a little
Which, and a little
Our leave, and a little
The, and a little

NIGHT the EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR,

The MAN of the WORLD Answered.



NIGHT the EIGHTH.
VIRTUE's APOLOGY;
OR,
The MAN of the WORLD Answered.

In which are Considered,

The LOVE of This LIFE;
The AMBITION and PLEASURE, with the WIT
and WISDOM of the WORLD.

AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead against
And is thy soul *immortal*?—What remains? [thee?
All, All, LORENZO!—Make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals!—What can shock us more?
And yet LORENZO still affects *the world*;
There, stows his treasure; Thence, his title draws,
Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? For a reproach it was,

In antient days ; and CHRISTIAN,—in an age,
 When men were men, and not ashamed of heaven,
 Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
 Sprinkled with dews from the *Castalian* font,
 Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
 A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
 Point out my path, and dictate to my song :
 To Thee, the *world how fair !* How strongly strikes
Ambition ! and gay *pleasure* stronger still !
 Thy triple bane ! the triple bolt that lays
 Thy virtue dead ! Be *these* my triple theme ;
 Nor shall thy *wit*, or *wisdom*, be forgot.

Common the theme ; not so the song ; if She
 My song invokes, URANIA, deigns to smile.
 The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
 If she dissolves, the *man of earth*, at once,
 Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes ;
 Scenes, where these sparks of night, these *stars* shall shine
 Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they are,
 The blest behold) ; and, in one glory, pour
 Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight ;
 A blaze—the least illustrious object *there*.

LORENZO ! since *eternal* is at hand,
 To swallow *time's* ambitions ; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
 High on the foaming billow ; what avail
 High titles, high descent, attainments high,
 If unattain'd our *highest* ? O LORENZO !
 What lofty thoughts, these elements above,

What

What tow'ring hopes, what fallies from the sun,
 What grand surveys of destiny divine,
 And pompous preface of unfathom'd fate,
 Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
 Bound for eternity! In bosoms read
 By *Him*, who foibles in archangels sees!
 On human hearts *He* bends a jealous eye,
 And marks, and in heav'n's register inrolls,
 The rise, and progress, of each option there;
 Sacred to doomsday! *That* the page unfolds,
 And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O LORENZO! thine?
 This world! and This, unrivall'd by the skies!
 A world, where lust of *pleasures, grandeur, gold,*
 Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
 With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
 Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;
 Till, with the giddy circle sick, and tir'd,
 It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
 Such is the world LORENZO sets above
 That glorious *promise* angels were esteem'd
 Too *mean* to bring; a promise, their *Ador'd*
 Descended to communicate, and press,
 By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
 Such is the world LORENZO's wisdom woos,
 And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
 A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
 Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
 The visionary mind with gay chimæras,

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All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest ;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy !

How frail, men, things ! How momentary, Both !
Fantastic chace of shadows hunting shades !

The *gay*, the *busy*, equal, tho' unlike ;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise !

Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary wastes,
One bustling, and one dancing, into death.

There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

The scenes of *bus'ness* tell us—"What are men ;"

The scenes of *pleasure*—"What is all beside ;"

There, Others we despise ; and *Here*, ourselves.

Amid *disgust* eternal, dwells delight ?

'Tis *approbation* strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the dust,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave ?

The *proud* run up and down in quest of eyes ;

The *sensual*, in pursuit of something worse ;

The *grave*, of gold ; the *politic*, of power ;

And All, of other butterflies, as vain !

As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,

How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in ;

On the swift circle of returning toys,

Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,

Where gay delusion darkens to despair !

"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
Should not be beaten & Never beat enough,

Till

Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire.
 Shall Truth be silent, because Folly frowns ?
 Turn the world's history ; what find we there,
 But *fortune's* sports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
 Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
 And endless inhumanities on man ?
 Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
 It brings bad tidings : How it hourly blows
 Man's misadventures round the list'ning world !
 Man is the tale of narrative old *time* ;
 Sad tale ; which high as *Paradise* begins ;
 As if, the toil of travel to delude,
 From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
 The *days*, his daughters, as they spin our hours
 On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought
 Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
 Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
 With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between ;
 And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us ;
 Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind :
 While in their *father's* bosom, not yet *ours*,
 They flatter our fond hopes ; and promise much
 Of amiable ; but hold *him* not o'erwise,
 Who dares to trust them ; and laugh round the year
 At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
 Confiding, tho' confounded ; hoping on,
 Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
 And ever-looking for the never-seen.
 Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lyes ;

Nor

Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.

Its little joys go out by One and One,

And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night ;

Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the pole.

O THOU, who dost permit these ills to fall,

For gracious ends, and would'st that man should mourn !

O THOU, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,

Who know'st it best, and would'st that man should know !

What is this sublunary world ? A vapour ;

A vapour all it holds ; itself, a vapour ;

From the damp bed of chaos, by Thy beam

Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour

In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.

Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom ;

As mortal, tho' less transient, than her sons ;

Yet they doat on her, as the world and they

Were both eternal, solid ; THOU, a dream.

They doat ! on What ? *Immortal* views apart,

A region of outsidess ! a land of shadows !

A fruitful field of flow'ry promises !

A wilderness of joys ! perplexed with doubts,

And sharp with thorns ! a troubled *ocean*, spread

With bold adventurers, their *all* on board !

No second hope, if here their fortune frowns ;

Frown soon it *must*. Of various rates they sail,

Of ensigns various ; All alike in This,

All restless, anxious ; tost with hopes, and fears,

In calmest skies ; obnoxious All to storm ;

And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life :

All bound for happiness ; yet few provide

The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies ;
Or *virtue's* helm, to shape the course design'd :
All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
Now list'd by the tide, and now reforc'd,
And farther from their wishes than before :
All, more or less, against each other dash.
To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
And suffering more from folly, than from fate.

Ocean ! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man !
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen *terrors* frowning round,
(Tho' lately feasted high at * *Albion's* cost)
Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more !
Too faithful mirror ! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life !
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still :
And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper struck
By *moral truth*, in such a mirror seen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;
All, in some darling enterprize embarkt :
But where is he can fathom its extent ?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite ! her lawful prize !
Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard,

* Admiral BALCHEN, &c.

And

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And puff: them wide of hope : With hearts of proof,
 Full against wind, and tide, *some* win their way ;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !
 Tho' strong their ear, still stronger is their fate :
 They strike ; and while they triumph, they expire.
 In stress of weather, *most* ; *some* sink outright ;
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd ;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more :
 One CÆSAR lives ; a thousand are forgot.
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
 (Darlings of Providence ! fond fate's elect !)
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted ! Yet ev'n These,
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain ;
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are men ; and when is man secure ?
 As fatal *time*, as *storm* ! the rush of years
 Beats down their strength ; their numberless escapes
 In ruin end : And, now, their proud success
 But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow :
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high !
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.
 Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
 From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
 The gay ! rich ! great ! triumphant ! and august !

What

What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)

Convince *me* most of human misery;

What are they? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow*!

More wretched, *then*, than e'er their slave *can* be;

Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,

Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:

Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!

What aggravated impotence in power!

High titles, *then*, what insult of their pain!

If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,

Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,

Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,

And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is This a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?

"But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life

"Are huddled in a group. A more distinct

"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."

Look on life's stages: They speak plainer still;

The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.

Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold

The best that can befall the best on earth;

The boy has virtue by his *mother's* side:

Yes, on FLORELLO look: A *father's* heart

Is tender, tho' the *man's* is made of stone;

The truth, thro' such a medium seen, may make

Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

FLORELLO lately cast on this rude coast

A helpless infant; now a heedless child;

To poor CLARISSA's throes, thy care succeeds;

Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!

O'er

O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
 Needful austerities his will restrain;
 As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
 As yet, his *reason* cannot go alone;
 But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
 His little heart is often terrify'd;
 The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
 Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
 His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.
 Ah! what avails his innocence? The task
 Injoin'd must discipline his early powers;
 He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin;
 Guiltless, and sad! A wretch before the fall!
 How cruel this! More cruel to forbear.
 Our *nature* such, with *necessary* pains,
 We purchase prospects of *precarious* peace:
 Tho' not a *father*, This might steal a sigh.

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
 'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still);
 Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
 He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world!
 The world is taken, after ten years toil,
 Like antient *Troy*; and all its joys his own.
 Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;
 Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
 Unteaching All his virtuous nature taught,
 Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.

For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terra-filial breed,
 Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,

(Which

(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
 And, in their hospitable arms, inclose :
 Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
 So rank knight-errant, as a real friend :
 Men, that act up to *reason's* golden rule,
 All weakness of *affection* quite subdu'd :
 Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere,
 And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want ;
 That love a lye, where truth would pay as well ;
 As if, to Them, *vice* shone her own reward.

LORENZO ! canst thou bear a shocking sight ?
Such, for FLORELLO's sake, 'twill now appear :
 See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
 Train'd to the world, in burnisht falsehood bright ;
 Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace ;
 All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off ;
 All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd ;
 His friends eternal—during interest ;
 His foes implacable—when worth their while ;
 At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own ;
 As wise as LUCIFER ; and half as good ;
 And by whom none, but LUCIFER, can gain—
 Naked, thro' These (so common fate ordains),
 Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
 Stung out of All, most amiable in life,
 Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd ;
 Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd ;
 Noble presumptions to mankind's renown ;
 Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)

Will

Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, *Experience*,
And her assistant, pausing, pale, *Distrust*,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Thro' serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;
And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!

POOR MACHIAVEL! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius need not go to school;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wife,
His plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.
The world's all *title-page*; there's no *contents*;
The world's all *face*; the man who shews his *heart*,
Is whooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankest venom foam'd thro' every vein.

LORENZO!

LORENZO! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry *fool* alive;
And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
To such proficient thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the *necromancies* of their art,
Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be That their shame;
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool;
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
For who can thank the man, he cannot *see*?

Why so much cover? It defeats itself.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts
Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell.
I give him joy, that's awkward at a lye;
Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise*;
It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Thou say'st, 'Tis *useful*: Is it therefore *right*?
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
To strain at an excuse: And wouldst thou then

Escape that cruel *need*? Thou may'st, with ease;
Think no post *needful* that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So P — thought: Think better, if you can.

But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—Yet, allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still:
The world's no neuter; it will wound, or save;
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, The world, well-known, will make a *man*:
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to heaven,
Or make us *dæmons*, long before we die.

To shew how fair the world, *thy* mistress, shines,
Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice;
Sure, tho' not equal, detriment ensues.
Not *virtue's*-self is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, *last*, and *least*, complain;
But if *they* sigh, can *others* hope to smile?
If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?
And if *both* suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he *most* happy, who the *least* laments?
Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envy'd state,
And *some* forgiveness, needs, the best of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow *here*.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee

LORENZO smartly, with a smile, replies ;

" Thus far thy song is right ; and All must own,

" *Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.*—

" And joys peculiar who to vice denies ?

" If vice it is, with nature to comply :

" If *pride*, and *sense*, are so predominant,

" To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a saint,

" Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim

" *Pleasure*, and *glory*, the chief good of man ?"

Can *pride*, and *sensuality*, rejoice ?

From purity of thought, all *pleasure* springs ;

And, from an humble spirit, all our *peace*.

Ambition, *pleasure* ! let us talk of These :

Of These, the PORCH, and ACADEMY, talk'd ;

Of These, each following age had much to say :

Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.

Who talks of *these*, to mankind all at once

He talks ; for where the saint from either free ?

Are These thy refuge ?—No : these rush upon thee ;

Thy vitals seize, and *vulture-like*, devour :

I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,

PROMETHEUS ! from this barren ball of earth ;

If *reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy *Caucasus*, ambition, calls ;

Mountain of torments ! eminence of woes !

Of courted woes ! and courted thro' mistake !

'Tis not ambition charms thee ; 'tis a cheat

Will make thee start, as *H*— at his *Moor*.

Dost grasp at greatness ? First, know what it is :

Think'st thou thy greatness in *distinction* lies ?

Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
 By *fortune* stuck, to mark us from the throng,
 Is glory lodg'd: 'Tis lodg'd in the reverse;
 In that which joins, in that which equals, All,
 The monarch and his slave;—"A deathless soul,
 "Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
 "A Father God, and brothers in the skies;"
 Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote
 In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
 Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?
 If still delirious, now, LORENZO! go;
 And with thy full-blown brothers of the *world*,
 Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
 Thy slaves, and equals: How scorn cast on Them
 Rebounds on Thee! If man is mean, as man,
 Art thou a god? If *fortune* makes him so,
 Beware the consequence: A maxim That,
 Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
 Where, in the drapery, the *man* is lost;
 Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.
 Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
 Boast *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of *men*?
 It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art;
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
 When, thro' death's streights, *earth's* subtle serpents creep,
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
 As crooked *Satan* the forbidden tree,

They

They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Of fortune's *fucus* strip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds;
And let, what then remains, impose their name,
Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy; Great, or Mean.
How mean that snuff of glory *fortune* lights,
And *death* puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once, infallible, and short,
Of *real* Greatness? That man Greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who Greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought Greater, than an honest, Humble Heart;
An Humble Heart, *His* residence! pronounce'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
How far above LORENZO's glory fits
Th' illustrious master of a name *unknown*;
Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles!
As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy Great Soul this *skulking* glory scorns.
LORENZO's sick, but when LORENZO's seen;

And, when he shrugs at public bus'ness, lyes.
 Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
 As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
 Fain would he make the world his pedestal ;
 Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, He.
 Knows he, that mankind praise aginst their will,
 And mix as much detraction as they can ?
 Knows he, that faithless *fame* her whisper has,
 As well as trumpet ? That his vanity
 Is so much tickled from not hearing *All* ?
 Knows this all knower, that from itch of praise,
 Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
 Taking his country by five hundred ears,
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,
 With modest laughter lining loud applause,
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame ?
 His *fame*, which (like the mighty CÆSAR), crown'd
 With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
 By *seeming* friends, that honour, and destroy.
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride :
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins :
 And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
 The blind LORENZO's proud—of being proud ;
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, tho' fancy'd, turns the brain :
 All vice wants *bellabore* ; but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl ;
 Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
 In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* most pursu'd.
 Who court applause, oblige the world in *this* ;

They

They gratify man's passion to *refuse*.
Superior honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost* ;
Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like KOU-LI-KAN, in plunder of the proud.

Tho' somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the *world's* cause, with half a face of joy,
LORENZO cries—" Be, then, *ambition* cast ;
" *Ambition's* dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
" *Gay pleasure* ! proud *ambition* is her slave ;
" For Her, he soars at *great*, and hazards *ill* ;
" For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes ;
" And paves his way, with crowns, to reach Her smile :
" Who can resist her charms ?"—Or, *should* ? LORENZO !
What mortal shall resist, where angels yield ?

Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers ;
For her contend the rival gods above ;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below ;
And well it was for man, that *pleasure* charms ;
How would All stagnate, but for *pleasure's* ray !
How would the frozen stream of action cease !
What is the pulse of this so busy world ?
The love of *pleasure* : That, thro' ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth ; and shuts out death from life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family hold All in chains :
Some most affect the black ; and some, the fair ;
Some honest *pleasure* court ; and some, obscene.
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
Of passions, that can *err* in human hearts ;
Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.

Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom, All,
But when our *reason* licenses delight.
Dost doubt, LORENZO? Thou shalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others *gold*!
And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleasure* is the mark:
For Her, the black assassin draws his sword;
For Her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *single* sacrifice may fall;
For Her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The *Stoic* proud, for *pleasure*, pleasure scorn'd;
For Her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For Her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death.
Thus universal her despotic power!
And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
Patron of pleasure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
And honest EPICURUS' foes were fools.
But this sounds harsh, and gives the *wife* offence;
If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the *name*.

How

How knits *austerity* her cloudy brow,
 And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praise*
 Of *pleasure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
 Ye modern *Stoics*! hear my soft reply;
 Their senses men *will* trust: We can't impose;
 Or, if we could, is imposition right?
 Own *honey sweet*; but, owning, add this *sting*;
 "When mixt with poison, it is deadly too."
 Truth never was indebted to a lye.
 Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
 Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
 What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
 And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware*;"
Pleasure, tho' not from virtue, *should* prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
 The *love of pleasure* is man's eldest-born,
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom, her younger sister, tho' more *grave*,
 Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,
 Imperial *pleasure*, queen of human hearts.

LORENZO! Thou, her majesty's renown'd,
 Tho' uncoift, counsel, learned in *the world*!
 Who think'st thyself a MURRAY, with disdain
 May'st look on me. Yet, my DEMOSTHENES!
 Canst thou plead *pleasure's* cause as well as I?
 Know'st thou her *nature, purpose, parentage*?
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
 And know Thyself; and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.

Tell not CALISTA ; she will laugh thee dead ;
 Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.
 Absurd presumption ! Thou who never knew'st
 A serious thought ! shalt thou dare dream of joy ?
 No man ere found a *happy life* by chance ;
 Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish ;
 Or, with the snout of grov'ling *appetite*,
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
 An *art* it is, and must be learnt ; and learnt
 With unremitting effort, or be lost ;
 And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates ;
Wealth may seek Us ; but *wisdom* must be sought ;
 Sought before all ; but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, *pleasure's* birth, rise, strength, and grandeur, see
 Brought forth by *wisdom*, nurs'd by *discipline*,
 By *patience* taught, by *perseverance* crown'd,
 She rears her head majestic ; round her throne,
 Erected in the bosom of the just,
 Each virtue, list'd, forms her manly guard.
 For what are *virtues* ? (Formidable name !)
 What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy ?
 Why, then, commanded ? Need mankind commands,
 At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their bliss ?—
 Great Legislator ! scarce so great, as kind !
 If men are rational, and love delight,
 Thy gracious law but flatters human choice ;
 In the transgression lies the penalty ;
 And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of *pleasure*, next, the final cause explore;
 Its mighty *purpose*, its important *end*.
 Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleasure* came from heaven.
 In aid to *reason* was the goddess sent;
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure, first, succours *virtue*; in return,
Virtue gives *pleasure* an eternal reign.
 What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
 Supports life *nat'ral*, *civil*, and *divine*?
 'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;
 'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please;
 'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray
 (All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize):
 It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
 And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
 Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
 Through *Eden*, as *Euphrates* ran, it runs,
 And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;
 Makes a new *Eden* where it flows;—but such
 As *must* be lost, LORENZO! by thy fall.

“*What mean I by thy fall?*”—Thou'lt shortly see,
 While pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd;
 Already 'sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
 Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
 When *pleasure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
 A vengeance too; it hastens into pain.
 From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;
 From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
 Heav'n's justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.

What greater evil can I wish my foe,
 Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
 Unbroach'd by *just authority*, ungaug'd
 By *temperance*, by *reason* unrefin'd?
 A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.
 Heav'n, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd *these*,
 Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;
 Angels are angels, from indulgence *there*;
 'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
 A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
 The wrong *must* mourn: Can heav'n's appointments fail?
 Can man outwit Omnipotence? strike out
 A self-wrought happiness unmeant by *Him*
 Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
 Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
 Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
 Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire;
 Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
 With unprecious flows of vital joy;
 And, without breathing, man as well might hope
 For life, as without piety, for peace.

"Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the same?"—
 No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
 Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
 They smile at piety; yet boast aloud
Good will to men; nor know they strive to part
 What *nature* joins; and thus confute themselves.
 With *piety* begins all good on earth;

'Tis

'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
 Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
 A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's sake;
 A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
 Some sinister intent taints all he does;
 And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built;
 And, on humanity, much happiness;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
 The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart,
 A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of *piety* delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
 O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the *Great God*, that instant joins
 The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

LORENZO! when wast Thou at church *before*?
 Thou think'st the service long: But is it just?
 Tho' just, unwelcome: Thou hadst rather tread

Unhallow'd ground; the muse, to win thine ear,
 Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience! at the sound *the world* retires;
Verse disaffects it, and *Lorenzo* smiles;
 Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms;
 And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
 Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
 Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest chuse,
 To chase thy gloom.—“Go, fix some weighty truth;
 “Chain down some *passion*; do some *gen'rous good*;
 “Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile;
 “Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greatest *foe*;
 “Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
 “Spring up, and lay strong hold on *Him* who made thee.”
 Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
 Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
 Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
 Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, tho' never censur'd yet as sin,
 (Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe)
 Is half-immoral: Is it much indulg'd?
 By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
 It shews a *scorner*, or it makes a *fool*;
 And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
 'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
 That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
 Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
 The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
 A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;

A man

A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.
 What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?
 What for *dejection*, where presides a Power,
 Who call'd us into being to be blest?
 So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
 So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.
 Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
 A shallow stream of happiness betray:
 Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own expence),
 This counsel strange should I presume to give—
 "Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace;
 Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
 As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
 If *not* inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy *soul* alone at stake;
 Alas!—Should men mistake thee for a *fool*;—
 What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
 Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpose?
 Believe me, sense, *here*, acts a double part,
 And the true *critic* is a *Christian* too.

But *these*, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—
 True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first;
 They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please;
 And travel only gives us sound repose.
 Heav'n *sells* all pleasure; effort is the price;
 The joys of conquest, are the joys of man;

And *glory* the victorious *laurel* spreads
O'er *pleasure's* pure, perpetual, placid stream.

There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.

A man of *pleasure*, is a man of *pains*.

Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.

False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought ;

From thoughts full bent, and energy, the *true* ;

And that demands a mind in equal poize,

Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy,

Much joy not only speaks small happiness,

But happiness that shortly must expire.

Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand ?

And, in a tempest, can reflection live ?

Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour ?

Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd ?

Or ope the door to honest poverty ?

Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale ?

In such a world, and such a nature, *these*

Are needful fundamentals of delight :

These fundamentals give delight *indeed* ;

Delight, pure, delicate, and durable ;

Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine ;

A constant, and a sound, but *serious* joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity ?

It is :—Yet far my doctrine from severe.

“ Rejoice for ever : ” It becomes a man ;

Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.

“ Rejoice for ever ! ” *Nature* cries, “ Rejoice ; ”

And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,

Mixt

Mixt up of delicates for ev'ry sense ;
 To the great Founder of the bounteous feast,
 Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise ;
 And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, *good* fully taste,
 Is the whole science of felicity :
 Yet *sparing pledge* : *Her* bowl is not the best
 Mankind can boast—" A rational repast ;
 " Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 " A military discipline of thought,
 " To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field ;
 " And ever-waking ardor for *the right*."
 'Tis *these*, first, give, then guard, a chearful heart.
 Nought that is *right*, think little ; well aware,
 What reason bids, God bids ; by *His* command
 How aggrandiz'd, the smallest thing we do !
 Thus, *nothing* is insipid to the wise ;
 To thee, insipid all, but what is *mad* ;
 Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.
 " *Mad* ! (thou reply'st, with indignation fir'd)
 " Of antient sages proud to tread the steps,
 " I follow *nature*."—Follow *nature* still,
 But look it be thine *own* : Is *conscience*, then,
 No part of nature ? Is she not *supreme* ?
 Thou regicide ! O raise her from the dead !
 Then, follow nature ; and resemble God.
 When, spite of *conscience*, pleasure is pursu'd,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd :
 And what's unnatural, is painful too
 At intervals, and must disgust ev'n Thee !

The *fact* thou know'st; but not, perhaps, the *cause*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
 Heav'n mixt her with our make, and twisted close
 Her sacred int'rests with the strings of life.
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
 His better self: And is it greater pain,
 Our *soul* should murmur, or our *dust* repine?
 And one, in their eternal war, *must* bleed.

If one *must* suffer, which should least be spar'd?
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
 Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
 The joys of *sense* to *mental* joys are mean:
 Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
 On past, and future, forages for joy.
 'Tis hers, by retrospect, thro' *time* to range;
 And forward *time's* great sequel to survey.
 Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
 Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets, fall:
 Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

LORENZO! wilt thou never be a man?
 The man is dead, who for the body lives,
 Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
 With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace;
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself, first, know; then love: A *self* there is
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
 A *self* there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart:
Humility degrades it, *justice* robs,
 Blest *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,

And

And god-like *magnanimity* destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn;
 When not in competition, kindly treat,
 Defend it, feed it:— But when virtue bids,
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
 And why? 'Tis love of *pleasure* bids thee bleed;
 Comply, or own self-love *extinct*, or *blind*.

For what is *vice*? Self-love in a mistake:
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
 And *virtue*, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Power,
 From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
 Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
 More mortal than the malice of our foes;
 A self-hate, *now*, scarce felt; *then* felt full-fore,
 When being, curst; extinction, loud implor'd;
 And ev'ry thing preferr'd to what we *are*.

Yet *this* self-love LORENZO makes his choice,
 And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
 How is his want of happiness betray'd,
 By disaffection to the present hour!
 Imagination wanders far afield:
 The future pleases: Why? The present pains.—
 "But that's a *secret*." Yes, which all men know;
 And know from Thee, discover'd unawares.
 Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll
 From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;
 What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the soul,
 From *instinct* sent, to rock her in disease,

Which

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Which her physician, *Reason*, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.

Such are LORENZO's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself, is *folly's* character;
As *wisdom's* is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is *thy* good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*.
The *true* is fixt, and solid as a rock;
Slipp'ry the *false*, and tossing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like CAIN;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on All;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel Here.

Such

Such angels, All, intitled to repose
 On *Him* who governs fate : Tho' tempest frowns,
 Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven !
 To lean on *Him*, on whom archangels lean !
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
 For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
 In ISRAEL'S dream, come from, and go to, heaven :
 Hence, are *they* studious of sequestred scenes ;
 While noise, and dissipation, comfort *thee*.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
 That opiate for inquietude within.
 LORENZO ! never man was truly blest,
 But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
 As *folly* might mistake for want of joy.
 A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud ;
 A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
 O for a joy from thy PHILANDER'S spring !
 A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
 And permanent, as pure ! no turbid stream
 Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high ;
 Which, like land floods, impetuous pour a while,
 Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
 What does the man, who transient joy prefers ?
 What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream ?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight ;
 Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
 Joy's a fift state ; a tenure, not a start.
 Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss :

That

That is the gem : Sell All, and purchase That.
Why go a begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd ?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause ;
Suspect it ; what thou canst ensure, enjoy ;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself :
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth ! should *absolutely* reign ;
And other joys ask leave for their approach ;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils ;
Not the least promise of internal peace !
No bosom-comfort ! or unborrow'd bliss !
Thy thoughts are vagabonds ; All outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure ;
If gain'd, dear-bought ; and better mis'd than gain'd.
Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring ; and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst !
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more !)
Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.

Imagination is the *Paphian* shop,
Where feeble happiness, like VULCAN, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),
With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,

Which

Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In *this* is seen imagination's *guilt* ;
But who can count her *follies* ? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and artient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd ;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence, what disaster !—Tho' the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the *Turk* of *Rome*,
Whose foot (ye gods !) tho' cloven, must be kiss'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the *Latian* shore ;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants !)
And poor *magnificence* is starv'd to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire !—
Be pacify'd, if *outward* things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn ;
Pompous expences, and parades august,
And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace.
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye ;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of *fortune* ever blest the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys ;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor :
So tell his *Holiness*, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good ;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.

Give

Give *pleasure's* name to nought, but what has pass'd
 Th' authentic seal of *reason* (which, like YORKE,
 Demurrs on what it passes), and defies
 The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
 Some joys the future overcast; and some
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
 Some joys endear eternity; some give
 Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
 Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe;
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
 Short is the lesson, tho' my lecture long,
Be good—and let heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The *good man* has his clouds that intervene;
 Clouds, that *obscure* his sublunary day,
 But never conquer: Ev'n the *best* must own,
Patience, and *resignation*, are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth. The pillars, These:
 But those of SETH not more remote from Thee,
 Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learnt;
 To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun, as yet
 Beneath th' horizon, clears us in this world;

It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

“ This (says LORENZO) is a fair harangue ;
“ But can harangues blow back strong nature’s stream ;
“ Or stem the tide heav’n pushes thro’ our veins,
“ Which sweeps away man’s impotent resolves,
“ And lays his labour level with the *world* ?”

Themselves men make their comment on mankind ;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home :
Thus, weakness to chimæra turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the muse prescrib’d.

* Above, LORENZO saw the man of earth,
The *mortal man* ; and wretched was the sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now see the *man immortal* : Him, I mean,
Who lives as such ; whose heart, full-bent on heaven,
Leans all *that* way, his byas to the stars.
The world’s dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more ; tho’ bright, without a foil :
Observe his awful portrait, and admire ;
Nor stop at wonder ; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed !
A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
Like ships in seas, while *in, above* the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion*’s storm ;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,

* In a former Night.

Like

Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
 A mingled mob ! a wand'ring herd ! he sees,
 Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !
 His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?
 The present all *their* care ; the future, *his*.
 When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame ; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature ; *his* exalt,
 Mankind's esteem *they* court ; and *he*, his own.
Theirs, the wild chace of false felicities ;
His, the compos'd possession of the true.
 Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
 All of one colour, and an even thread ;
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
 A madman's robe ; each puff of fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.
 He sees with other eyes than *theirs* : Where *they*
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity ;
 What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
 Where *they* see mountains, *he* but atoms sees ;
 An empire, in *his* balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine :
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound.
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)

He lays aside to find his dignity ;
 No dignity *they* find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
 Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.
 Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.
 Too dear *he* holds his int'rest, to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade ;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;
 Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
 A cover'd heart *their* character defends ;
 A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise.
 With nakedness his innocence agrees ;
 While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end, where *his* full feast begins ;
His joys create, *Theirs* murder, future bliss.
 To triumph in existence, *his* alone ;
 And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
 Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,
 Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise,
They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,
 And shew no fortitude, but in the field ;
 If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn ;
 Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.

A cordial *his* sustains, that cannot fail;
 By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
 All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
 And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.
 From magnanimity, all *fear* above;
 From nobler recompence, above *applause*;
 Which owes to man's *short* out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,
 LORENZO cries,—“Where shines this miracle?
 “From what root rises this *immortal man*?”
 A root that grows not in LORENZO's ground;
 The root disiect, nor worder at the *flower*.

He follows nature (not like * thee) and shews us
 An uninverted system of a man.
 His *appetite* wears *reason's* golden chain,
 And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
 His *passion*, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
 Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.
 Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *care*,
 His *caution* fearless, and his *grief* (if grief
 The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
 And why? —Because affection, more than meet,
 His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heaven.
 Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
 He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *peace*.
 They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
 His *understanding* 'scapes the common cloud
 Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.

* See page 255, Lin. 20.

His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
 By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
 The mod'rate movements of his soul admit
 Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
 An eye impartial, and an even scale;
 Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice:
 Thus, in a double sense, the *good* are wise;
 On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
 What, then, the world? It *must* be doubly weak;
 Strange truth! as soon would they believe their *Creed*.

Yet thus it is; nor otherwise *can* be;
 So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
 Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
 But from the prospect of immortal life.
 Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
 Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields;
 Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
 Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
 He can't a foe, tho' most malignant, hate,
 Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
 'Tis hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
 Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
 For may not he invade their *good supreme*,
 Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?
 All shines to *them*, that for a season shines.
 Each act, each thought, he questions, "What its weight,
 "Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?"——
 And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
 Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
 The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
 His virtue, constitutionally deep,

Has *Habit's* firmness, and *affection's* flame ;
 Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire ;
 And *death*, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, LORENZO ! bigot of this world !
 Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heaven !
 Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought* :
 For what art thou ? — Thou boaster ! while thy glare,
 Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
 Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most ;
 And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand ;
 His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
 Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
 By promise *now*, and, by possession, *soon*,
 (Too *soon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just *annihilation* rise,
 LORENZO ! rise to *something*, by reply.

The world, thy client, listens, and expects ;
 And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
 Canst thou be silent ? No ; for *wit* is thine ;
 And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,
 And *reason* interrupts not her career.

She'll say — *That mists above the mountains rise ;*
 And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse ;
 She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
 And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste !
 'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *sense* ;
 But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
 Pernicious talent ! flatter'd by the world,
 By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
 Wisdom is rare, LORENZO ! Wit abounds ;

Passion

Passion can give it; sometimes *wine* inspires
 The lucky flash; and *madness* rarely fails.
 Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
 Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
 For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
 See *dullness*, blund'ring on vivacities,
 Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
 But *wisdom*, awful wisdom! which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
 How rare! In senates, synods, sought in vain;
 Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few;
 While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
 Frequent, as fatal, *wit*: In civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser; *sense*, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
 In *states*, 'tis dangerous; in *religion*, death:
 Shall *wit* turn Christian; when the dull believe?
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
 The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves.
Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound;
 When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam;
 Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought;
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
 Thus, a *Half-CHESTERFIELD* is quite a fool;
 Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
 How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,

Where *Sirens* sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
 A joy, in which our *reason* bears no part,
 Is but a *ferrow* tickling, ere it stings.
 Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true?
 Happy! of this bad world, who little know?—
 And yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*.
 To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point;
 She gives but little, nor that little, long.
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
 Our *thoughtless agitation's* idle child,
 That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
 An *animal* ovation! such as holds
 No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
 On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd;
 A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
 And when it jars—thy *Sirens* sing no more,
 Thy dance is done; the *demi-god* is thrown.
 (Short apotheosis!) beneath the *man*,
 In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
 And startle at destruction? If thou art,
 Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
 (A field of battle is this mortal life!)
 When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
 A single sentence proof against the *world*.
 "Soul, *body*, *fortune*! Ev'ry good pertains
 "To one of these; but prize not all alike;
 "The goods of fortune to thy *body's* health,

"Body to soul, and soul submit to God."

Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? Do this;

Th' inverted *pyramid* can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful? It outshines the sun;

Nay, the sun shines not, but to shew us this,

The single lesson of mankind on earth.

And yet—Yet, what? No news! Mankind is mad;

Such mighty numbers list against the right,

(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve!)

They talk themselves to something like belief,

That all earth's joys are theirs: As *Athen's* fool

Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry sail his own.

They grin; but wherefore? And how long the laugh?

Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lye;

To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile,

Hard either talk! The most abandon'd own,

That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:

Then, for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes,

(And Providence denies it long repose)

O how laborious is their gaiety!

They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,

Scarce master patience to support the farce,

And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.

Scarce, did I say? Some cannot fit it out;

Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,

And shew us *what* their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!

Its impious fury still alive in death!

Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies

A cover to such guilt; and so should man.

Look

Look round, LORENZO ! see the reeking blade,
 Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball ;
 The strangling cord, and suffocating stream ;
 The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
 From raging riot (flower suicides !)
 And *pride* in these, more execrable still !
 How horrid all to thought !—But horrors, these,
 That vouch the truth ; and aid my feeble song.

From *vice, sense, fancy*, no man can be blest :
 Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour :
 When an immortal being aims at bliss,
 Duration is essential to the name.

O for a joy from *reason* ! Joy from that,
 Which makes man *man* ; and, exercis'd aright,
 Will make him *more* : A *bounteous* joy ! that gives,
 And promises ; that weaves, with art divine,
 The richest prospect into present peace :

A joy *ambitious* ! Joy in common held
 With thrones ethereal, and their greater far ;
 A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death !
 A joy, which *death* shall double, *judgment* crown !
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
 Thro' blest eternity's long day ; yet still,
 Not more remote from *sorrow*, than from *Him*,
 Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
 So much of Deity on guilty dust.

There, O my LUCIA ! may I meet thee there,
 Where not thy presence can improve my bliss !

Affects not this the *sages of the world* ?
 Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too ?

Eternity,

Eternity, depending on an hour,
 Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
 Nor need you blush (tho' sometimes your designs
 May shun the light) at your designs on heaven :
 Sole point ! where *over-bashful* is your blame.
 Are you not *wise* ?—You know you are : Yet hear
 One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,
 Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen ;
 " Our schemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
 " Is the sole difference between wise and fool."
 All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* scale ;
 What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light* ?
 Is *their* esteem alone not worth your care ?
 Accept my simple scheme of *common sense* :
 Thus, save your fame, and make *two* worlds your own.

The world *replies* not ;—but the world *persists* ;
 And puts the *cause* off to the longest day,
 Planning evasions for the day of doom.
 So far, at that *re-bearing*, from redress,
 They then turn *witnesses* against themselves,
 Hear that, LORENZO ! Nor be wise to-morrow.
 Haste, haste ! A man, by nature, is in haste ;
 For who shall answer for another hour ?
 'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* sure friend ;
 And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth ! (nor *willing* to be more !)
 Since *verse* you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
 Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths
 (Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard in prose)
 Has ventur'd into light ; well-pleas'd the verse
 Should

Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;
 And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
 But *praise* she need not fear: I see my fate;
 And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the gulph.
 Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *some*,
 Must die; and die unwept; O thou minute
 Devoted *page*! go forth among thy foes;
 Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
 And die a double death: Mankind incens'd,
 Denies thee long to live: Nor shalt thou rest,
 When thou art dead; in *Stygian* shades arraign'd
 By LUCIFER, as traitor to his throne;
 And bold blasphemer of his friend,—the WORLD;
 The WORLD, whose legions cost him slender pay,
 And *volunteers*, around his banner swarm;
 Prudent, as PRUSSIA, in her zeal for GAUL.

“Are all, then, fools?” LORENZO cries.—Yes, all,
 But such as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee);

“The mother of true wisdom is the *will*;
 The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
 In arts and sciences, in wars, and peace;
 But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
 And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the *most* indulgence can afford;—

“*Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.*”

Nor think this censure is severe on thee;

Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

